

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 11, 1942

WHO'S WHO

JOSEPH P. McMURRAY, during the past year, has been engaged in research studies and field work dealing with social conditions throughout the United States. A previous article, March 7, summarized the voluminous reports drawn up by the Committee investigating National Defense migration headed by Congressman Tolan, of California. . . . MOST REV. CHARLES F. BUDDY, Bishop of San Diego, was persuaded to divert his account of his visit to the Marine Base from the diocesan weekly, *The Southern Cross*, to AMERICA. His comments are reassuring for the families of the boys in service. . . . CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER, an army officer of long-standing, is a frequent contributor to this Review and to other periodicals on military topics. . . . MARTA WANKOWICZ draws a happy curtain on an incident related by her in an article published in October 26, 1940. Her father is a well known Polish author and she has contributed to the largest Warsaw newspaper. . . . THOMAS O'SHAUGHNESSY, S.J., lived in Beirut, Syria, from 1938 till 1940, engaged in Classical Arabic and Oriental studies. He was a professor at the Ateneo de Zamboanga, Mindanao, Philippine Islands. . . . FRANCIS B. THORNTON, well known as a poet, is on the editorial staff of the *Catholic Digest*. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER is our Literary and Book Review Editor. . . . THE POETS include the newcomers, Mary C. McKenna, Brooklyn, N. Y., Maria Ceilson, New Rochelle, N. Y., and Sister Mary Adelaide, Dallas, Pa.; and the well-knowns, Professor Brady, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Frances Frieske Kilmer, of Arlington, Va.

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Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., 70 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y., April 11, 1942, Vol. LXVII, No. 1, Whole No. 1692. Telephone MUrray Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 15 cents a copy; yearly \$4.50; Canada, \$5.50; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.00; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

TERRIBLE fatefulness rests upon the decisions of India's leaders in their negotiations with Britain's representative, Sir Stafford Cripps. If no conclusion can be reached, India becomes the battleground of Germany, Japan and Soviet Russia, contending furiously with one another. Three tremendous absolutes are in conflict as Sir Stafford, to date of writing, exhausts himself in attempts at reaching a merely provisional plan for Indian independence, consistent with the realities of the war. There is the flame of nationalism. Even in its milder form, Hindu nationalism rejects the idea that India should be defended from without, and demands the full right to defend itself. Religious bonds unite the Moslems in their determination not to submit to Hindu dominance. Finally, there is the complete trust, even in the face of the Japanese, that Mahatma Gandhi still reposes in his policy of non-violence. Added to all this is the profound and world-wide unrest of the non-white peoples with the intolerant racial attitudes of the conquering white world, an unrest by no means without repercussions in the United States. In the face of such obstacles, it must be, indeed, a brave and hopeful man who can see any prospect of solution through reason and compromise. It looks as if even optimistic Sir Stafford Cripps will return to London with no Indian triumph in his briefcase, in the event that his present desperate appeals to his own Government for final concessions prove fruitless. India's problem calls for our prayers.

A CARTEL arrangement between the Standard Oil Company and the giant German chemical trust, the I. G. Farbinindustrie, was revealed on March 25 and shocked the country. In the words of Thurman Arnold, head of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice, "each company gave the other a world monopoly insofar as they were able to convey it." As a result of the suit brought by the Justice Department, a Federal Court in Newark, N. J., fined the Standard Oil Company, six of its subsidiaries and three of the officials concerned, \$5,000 each for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. In addition to this penalty, the Court ordered that scores of patents held by Standard Oil, including some for the manufacture of synthetic rubber and gasoline, be made available for the duration of the war to American industry. In a statement released to the press, the Company, which pleaded *nolo contendere* to the charges, asserted that the agreement had benefited American industry and did not constitute a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Thus ended for the time being, as far as the Courts are concerned, a daring attempt to swing what would appear to be one of the greatest horse trades in history, a trade whereby

the Standard Oil Company, in return for granting a world monopoly in chemicals to the German trust, received a similar monopoly in synthetic gasoline.

IMMEDIATELY after the decision of the Federal Court, the Truman Committee investigating war production announced its decision to delve more deeply into this complicated affair. After listening to Mr. Arnold testify that the Standard Oil Company had refused to reveal to the United States Navy processes for making synthetic rubber and that it had promised the I. G. Farbinindustrie to do its best to maintain the agreement during the war "whether or not the United States came in," Senator Truman dubbed these actions "treason." With this hasty judgment, Mr. Arnold seemed to disagree, asserting that the cartel arrangement between the American and German concerns was no different from hundreds of others. These firms, he implied, were seeking the profits that flow from monopoly, and were not consciously bent on aiding the enemy and obstructing our war effort. With this judgment, as well as with the Company's denial of unpatriotic acts, anybody acquainted with contemporary economic practice will be inclined to agree. When Pius XI wrote in *Quadragesimo Anno* that "immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few" and that "free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place," he knew whereof he spoke. The lesson in all this is plain: unless economic individualism is curbed by wise laws, it ends by destroying all initiative and enterprise, and even the state itself.

ABOUT 456 years before Christ was born, Aeschylus died in Athens. His words have been preserved all through the accumulating centuries. On the concluding evenings of March, Aeschylus and one of his imperishable masterpieces were evoked from the printed page. Aeschylus became a contemporary, preaching a doctrine of equity beyond justice, of hope over mental pain and despair. The vehicle was the *Eumenides*, the third cycle in the trilogy of the *Oresteia*, his most powerful and his last tragedy. The voices were those of the undergraduates of Fordham University, speaking in the original Greek words first uttered so long ago at the first presentation in Athens. Last year, the Fordham students presented in Greek the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. That was a masterly presentation. But the production of the *Eumenides* this year, far outclassed that of *Oedipus*, and was flawless. Robert T. Burgi, a senior, made an unforgettable impression as the Leader of the Furies. His classmate, Robert T. Stewart, was equally perfect

as Orestes. The other leads in the cast, the Chorus of Furies, the Athenian Citizens and the Judges, were superb, in their chanting, in their rhythmic movement, in their mass balance and picture. The most advanced technique in lighting was used, and the musical and choral accompaniments were impressive because they were authentic. By this time, the reader may have detected a note of enthusiasm in this report. It is an all-inclusive enthusiasm, for the great culture of the Greeks and the power of the Greek drama, for the preservation of the classical studies, for the students who mastered not only the Greek language but the Grecian technique of acting, for the Jesuit Scholastic, Mr. William F. Lynch, who directed the presentation, for the President and Governors of Fordham University who encouraged the performance, and for Catholic education in general, that is doing more for the preservation of pre-Christian and truly Christian culture than any other educational system in the United States.

TWO recent developments give some assurance that small business is going to be granted at last a larger share in the war effort. If present plans mature, operations of the War Production Board will soon be conducted on a regional basis. This proposed decentralization of WPB activities, which will involve the formation of branch boards throughout the country, promises to facilitate the letting of contracts and subcontracts to small plants. In addition to this contemplated action of the WPB, President Roosevelt, in an executive order dated March 26, empowered the Army, Navy and Maritime Commission to make or guarantee loans for the manufacture of armaments. This action is designed to ease the credit restrictions which up to now have kept many small businesses out of the war program. Although both these moves are in line with Congressional recommendations, the Senate Committee studying small business intends to go ahead with legislation aimed at providing adequate representation for small business within the WPB. Until small business has a voice in the inner councils, it is doubtful whether its problems will ever receive complete and sympathetic attention.

RELIGION, you may have heard before, cannot for long be rooted out of the human heart. Those who try this fiendish work soon find that the irreligious code they establish gravitates of its own weight toward semi-religious forms of expression. The Nazis, according to a recent report, have instituted "first communions" for all the youth at their coming of age at fourteen. This takes place in a setting of "organ music and sermons based on passages from *Mein Kampf*," and marks the official incorporation of each new generation into the party. It is planned to be held each year at Easter time. Plainly this is blasphemous in intent, a distortion of Catholic Easter Communion; but notice how even the ruthless Nazi ideology is forced to cloak its real intent in religious coloring. If not

before by military force, Nazism will eventually fall of its own insufficiency, when masses of the now German youth come to realize the emptiness of these distorted religious forms, which but ape the strength and beauty of the Faith. How incorporation into the Party fades to ridiculousness against incorporation into the Mystical Body!

ACCUSING Representative Dies of "publicly smearing" certain employes of the Board of Economic Warfare as having records of affiliation with Communist-front organizations, Vice President Wallace himself proceeds to do a little smearing. Mr. Wallace's statement charges that "the doubts and anger which this and similar statements of Mr. Dies tend to arouse in the public mind might as well come from Goebbels himself so far as their practical effect is concerned." Would it not seem wise to have some "doubt and anger" on the part of the public rather than to have the possibility that fellow-travelers and Communist sympathizers are being placed in lucrative positions engaged in post-war planning? Most of us are fearful enough about the post-war period, and we would be extremely doubtful and angry at the mere suspicion that officials with the slightest Marxian leanings were fiddling with the blueprints. Perhaps Mr. Wallace's anger is due to Mr. Dies' method of raising the question. We do not know about that, but we take great comfort from the Vice President's assurance: "The current charges against some of our employes will be investigated at once by the F.B.I. If that investigation proves that these men are unsuited for work with the B. of E.W. they will be dismissed promptly. . . ." And if one of them actually is found to be affiliated with subversive movements while being paid by the United States Government, Mr. Dies deserves cheers instead of smears. Fascist or Nazi connections are rewarded with prompt internment. Let us hope that the equally pernicious and un-American affiliation with Communist-front organizations will not merit important Government positions.

FEAR has been expressed lest an incautious flood-control policy solve local problems at the expense of a number of the nation's most historical Indian Pueblos. Protests have already been made against the building of a storage dam at San Felipe and a dam in White Rock Canyon, in the Rio Grande region. The former, it is said, would flood the farming lands of Santo Domingo and Cochiti Pueblos, the Pueblo of Santo Domingo, and probably the Pueblo of Cochiti. The latter would flood the farming lands of the Pueblos of Santa Clara and San Ildefonso, as well as San Ildefonso itself. It would also, it is said, flood large areas of non-Indian farming land. In view of the great value of these Pueblos as part of our most precious national cultural heritage; in view, too, of the unavoidable devastation done to so many areas of old and productive farm territories by necessary defense projects, it would certainly seem that the Rio Grande engineers

should make every effort to work out a flood-control program that would take the human and the historic elements more fully into account.

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ULTIMATE glory crowns the head of the hero of Bataan Peninsula. Accolades may still be heaped upon him, medals for valor will be pinned on his bosom, history will write him high in the lists of strategists, but all that is of little moment—he has reached the peak. All the wearying honors that will come to him hereafter can be but bathos after the fact that there is now a MacArthur wave and a MacArthur glide. Yes, a hair-do and a dance boast the hero's name. How that must buoy him up in crucial moments of anxiety and decision! At first blush, the feeling is that there ought to be a law against it, but then, perhaps not. After all, we suppose that the inventors of dances and the blue- printers of waves are proud of their products, and we hope that the dedication will prove to be symbolic—that the General will soon go into his dance, a war-dance, and get more and more in the Japanese hair.

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ALL are agreed that we must be a united people if we hope to win the war against the Axis Powers. All must be agreed that disunity is caused by gratuitous insults, false accusations, bitter threats flung by prominent Americans against prominent Americans. In these times, one American cannot lightly charge another American with being an aider and an abettor of the Nazis or the Japs, or lightly dump an opponent, by words, on the Nazi side. For unity and concentrated war-effort, however, there is no objection to legitimate criticism of any official, high or low in degree, elected or appointed. Winning the war, rapidly and completely, is our national objective. Complaint and criticism of any executive or official who is inept or futile or subversive may help us win the war more quickly. Because Bulwer Lytton is an undersecretary of state, he should not be proof against attack when he blunders. Because Dickens Thackery holds the chairmanship of an executive committee, he should not hold himself invulnerable to criticism, even when he bungles the committee affairs. Tennyson Keats, as a coordinator, may be a failure in coordinating; he should not be sacredly guarded against having the full truth revealed.

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WE shall not win this war by creating needless discords and fomenting private grudges through bitter taunts. Nor shall we win the war by suppressing investigations of any department or any head of a department. The people demand the highest efficiency and the greatest wisdom in their leaders. They have a right to voice their demands for change if the leaders of war production or of war direction are not the best men available. To agitate for higher efficiency is not treason, nor is it aid to the Japs or the Nazis. It is our democratic way of winning this war.

THE WAR. Declaring that "our protocol shipments to Russia are still far behind," President Roosevelt invoked his constitutional authority as Commander in Chief of the armed forces in ordering that shipments of military material to the Soviets be brought up to schedule. . . . The Senate passed, sent to the House, a bill to increase the pay of enlisted men and lowest grade officers in the uniformed services. . . . The President announced establishment of a Pacific War Council to sit in Washington. Nations represented are: the United States, Australia, New Zealand, China, the Netherlands, Canada, Great Britain. . . . Also set up to meet in Washington was the Inter-American Defense Board, composed of representatives of the twenty-one American republics, and designed to unify hemisphere defense. . . . Issuing its first casualty list under the new Government war-news policy, the War Department disclosed that Army casualties in the Pearl Harbor attack numbered 226 killed, 396 wounded. Names of the killed and wounded may be given local, but not national, dissemination. . . . Included in the second War Powers Bill, signed by the President, was legislation providing free mailing privileges for all members of the armed services. The privileges apply only to first-class letter mail. The letters may be mailed at home or abroad to any address in the United States or its territories and possessions. . . . Sunk off the Atlantic Coast were three United States merchant vessels, one British freighter. These sinkings brought the total number of vessels officially acknowledged as lost in Atlantic coastal waters since the war started to one hundred. Of these vessels, fifty-three were sent to the bottom off the United States eastern coast, twenty-two in Canadian waters, twenty-four in the Caribbean, one off South America. . . . In a move to increase effectiveness of anti-submarine operations, the Navy took over sole command of these activities. Army air units engaged in combating submarines were placed under command of Naval officers in charge of the sea frontiers along the East and West coasts. . . . President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth joined General MacArthur in Australia. Before leaving the Philippines, he urged his people to give General Wainwright their "unstinted support and cooperation." . . . Termination of the lull in the Philippine fighting was marked by increased Japanese aerial activity. The enemy loosed day-and-night air raids on Corregidor, accompanied by dive-bomber assaults on the American-Filipino lines and the areas behind the lines. In one six-hour attack on Corregidor, the Nipponese used fifty-four heavy bombers. On another occasion, the air attacks went on almost continuously from early morning to midnight. Seven enemy planes were shot down. . . . In Bataan, a large-scale Nipponese infantry attack, supported by heavy mortar fire, was brought to a halt. The Japanese apologized for bombing a base hospital. . . . In Mindanao, American-Filipino raids destroyed large stocks of military supplies. . . . Revealing three new sinkings of Axis submarines, the Navy Department announced that the score now stood: twenty-one enemy underseas craft sunk in the Atlantic, seven in the Pacific.

ACCORDING to an A.P. dispatch from Chungking, China has made a request to the Holy See for an exchange of diplomatic representatives, and the request, says the Chinese Government spokesman, "has been favorably received." Last week Japan announced the appointment of Ken Harada to be special Minister to the Holy See. It was recently made plain by Archbishop Spellman, of New York, that the reception, at the Vatican, of diplomatic representatives, does not imply approval of the religious or political policies of the governments concerned. The Most Rev. Paul Marella remains as Apostolic Delegate to Japan. The Japanese Government has conferred upon him diplomatic privileges, despite the fact that he refuses to belong to the diplomatic corps. Mr. Harada is 46 years old. He is a pagan, but his wife is a Catholic.

MEXICO'S Sinarchist movement has been the subject of much and troubled speculation on this side of the Rio Grande. It claims to be, and is from all appearances, a popular, wholly lay, political movement for realizing the ideals of a Christian social order. Most ambitious project of the Sinarchists is their colonization project in lower California. In a twelve-point statement, *El Sinarquista*, weekly organ of the Sinarchists, flatly denies that the Catholic clergy participate in or direct in any way the movement. "With respect to Sinarchism, the clergy of Mexico have observed the position outlined by the Archbishop of Mexico—refraining absolutely from intervention, and at the same time maintaining a profound respect for the unhampered civic-political activity of the individual Sinarchist." It is "not a party," and is radically distinct from the old conservative parties. Sinarchists claim, furthermore, to be "profoundly anti-Nazi since they consider Nazism and other totalitarian administrations to be politically and spiritually full of errors and falsehoods."

HOW many Sisters, or female Religious, are there in the United States? At our suggestion, an obliging and statistically-minded antiquarian compiled the following from the *Catholic Directory*.

Female Religious in the United States		
1934.	Professed of all kinds.....	111,057
	Novices	7,319
1939.	Professed of all kinds.....	150,125
	Novices	9,852
1941.	Professed of all kinds.....	136,274
	Novices	6,273

Postulants and aspirants are not included in the above. The number is approximate, since in some instances the *Catholic Directory* does not give the number of members of some of the Congregations. Probably the most revealing thing about these statistics is the decline in the number of Novices.

UNUSUAL honors were paid on March 28 to Rev. Mother M. Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People, when President Elie Lescot, of the Republic of Haiti, in person conferred upon her the rank of Commander of the National Haitian Order of Honor and Merit. The presentation speech of

President Lescot paid glowing tribute to Mother Katharine's work for the members of the colored race, declaring that only Heaven could fully recompense the labors of her community, actuated by so selfless a motive and consecrated by so sincere a devotion to the highest interest of colored people. Mother Katharine's Congregation today numbers 460 Sisters who labor in thirty-six missions located in eighteen States, in widespread missionary, educational, social and catechetical program.

CATHOLIC journalism suffered a severe loss at the death in February, according to reports just received in London, of Dr. J. H. G. Hoeben, distinguished Dutch Catholic Journalist and Director of the International Catholic Press Bureau at Breda, Holland. Dr. Hoeben was forty-two years old, and died in a German concentration camp. Holland newspapers were not permitted to print his obituary. Another victim of Nazi intolerance is the Rev. Titus Brandsma, one of Holland's leading churchmen and one of the outstanding Carmelites in the world, who was arrested by the Nazis and imprisoned somewhere in Germany. He had long been recognized as an authority on prayer and mysticism, and on Carmelite spirituality. Incidentally, reports from England state that the people there have been deeply impressed by the active Catholicism of the troops of the Royal Dutch Army. In their joint Lenten pastoral letter, the Dutch Catholic Bishops praised their people's courage in resisting tendencies "which offer a serious menace to Christian faith and morals."

AT the meeting in Brooklyn on March 30 of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, warned against the practice of unequal wage standards for men and women on the same type of job. Widespread increase in women's employment in fields usually restricted to men creates this problem, said Miss Anderson, of maintaining fair wage standards for women. "Industry," she said, "should be urged to guarantee that wage rates, including the entrance rates, be the same for women as for men, and in no case should the employment of women be used to undermine established rates."

SIXTIETH recipient of the Laetare Medal on March 15 and thirteenth woman medalist was Helen Constance White, teacher and author from the University of Wisconsin. Miss White is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and author of *Metaphysical Poets, Not Built With Hands, To the End of the World*, and other important works in both fiction and non-fiction. Said the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame, in making the award: "Miss White's literary successes have been remarkable but none more so than the devout Catholic life which she has achieved and which she admirably exemplifies through her talented mind and heart." The first woman thus honored was Eliza Allen Starr, art critic, in 1885.

ROOT MIGRANTS TO THE SOIL THROUGH FUNDS FOR THE F. S. A.

JOSEPH McMURRAY

RECENT action of the House of Representatives to cut Farm Security Administration funds virtually in half strikes a crushing blow at hundreds of thousands of low-income farmers throughout the country, whose only hope of economic survival lies with this agency. Unless the Senate restores these funds, repercussions from the cut will without doubt shake the rickety structure of American agriculture.

Enemies of FSA in Congress have used two devices to draw public attention away from the Agency's foremost activity—rural rehabilitation, which has, since 1936, rescued rural Americans from the precipice of poverty and despair. First, they have labeled FSA as "collectivistic" because of a few experimental cooperatives which constitute an insignificant part of its program; and second, they have accused FSA of violating state laws by lending its clients money to pay their poll tax.

The so-called "collectivistic" experiments of the FSA are but a minor part of the Agency's program, involving only 441 families, as compared with more than 900,000 to whom rehabilitation loans have been made. Inherited from the Rural Resettlement Administration and other New Deal agencies, these group-operated farms were initiated in the early 'thirties to meet the problem of resettling the indigent landless farmer. Today out of approximately 16,000 resettled farm families placed under FSA supervision, these 441 alone work group-operated farms.

As for the poll tax issue: in making household budget loans, FSA in some instances has included poll taxes along with other personal and property taxes, but only at the request of the client who wishes to become a qualified voter. Defending the FSA, the President himself insisted that no juggling of facts could make the FSA loan-plan constitute Government payment of taxes; and in a scorching statement to the press he denounced those who attacked the FSA on this ground.

Other charges made against the FSA by Congress were that it is extravagant and no longer necessary under our war economy. But even while these charges were being levelled, hearings of the Tolan Committee (House Committee Investigating National Defense Migration) throughout the country were making it clear that the war program has not erased rural poverty, but rather has speeded up many of those forces that for long have been working to create a landless farming people.

"I lived in this county when every man in it owned his home," a pioneer Middle Western farmer, whose parents had settled a half section in Iowa in 1879, told the Tolan Committee. Then, after pausing to span the years that lay between that golden period of agricultural opportunity and the present upheaval, he continued: "I live here today when fifty-eight per cent of the people are homeless."

Already 17,000 small farmers have been forced off their land by expanding defense industries and military reservations. Eventually, some 53,000 more will have been uprooted. Moreover, commercialization, which swallowed up thousands of family-sized farms between 1930-40, is actually on the increase. The rise in prices of farm commodities due to the war now makes it profitable for big operators to work marginal land formerly occupied by tenants and small owners.

In the Middle West especially, "sidewalk" or "suitcase" farmers, whose only interest is in mining the land and getting maximum cash returns for as long as such exploitation proves profitable, are buying up huge tracts. Using mobile units and day labor to work the land, they move their equipment over two and three hundred miles, "tractoring off" families on every farm they take over. By the end of March 1942, agricultural economists estimate that 10,000 farm families in four Middle Western States will have been made homeless in this manner.

But these people are only a fragment of our landless population. Today sixty per cent of our farm population owns no land. These tenants, croppers and day laborers, constituting with their wives and children 18,000,000 persons, clutch at the lowest rung of our economic ladder, often moving under the worst possible conditions from one crop to another.

It is the surplus man-power in these groups which opponents of FSA contend has been absorbed into war industries. But facts refute this. Industrial employment for the majority of farm laborers has proved a will-o'-the-wisp. And in spite of sporadic farm labor shortages that arise from time to time in areas with heavy concentrations of war contracts (which have been widely publicized), we still have millions of unemployed and underemployed rural workers.

Lack of skill and the competition of the urban unemployed both operate against the farm worker seeking industrial employment. Added to this is the fact that many of these people are beyond the age

where they can readily make the transition from farm to factory life, since the average FSA client is around forty-five years old. Moreover, the most decisive factor operating against the farm hand is the distance from industrial job opportunities. Nearly half of the farmers receiving FSA aid, figures show, live in States that have less than ten per cent of the war contracts. If they migrate to defense centers, they have no assurance of obtaining work. Testimony presented before the Tolan Committee revealed that at a New England aircraft plant only one out of every five migrants who apply gets employment. The others move on, dissipating their productive energy at a time when the nation needs every ounce of its man-power.

What actually happens in far too many cases to our dispossessed farmers is revealed by a survey recently made by the FSA in four Middle Western States. This study shows that relief rolls this year in these four States will be swelled by hundreds of FSA borrowers who were unable to secure leases for 1942. Meanwhile, in this same area, a newly completed bomber plant requiring 3,000 skilled workers received only 1,200 applications, and half of these were rejected because of lack of skill, excessive age and physical disability.

With several million urban workers still unemployed, the problem that faces America today is that of holding to the land that part of its population which can make its greatest contribution to victory there, of providing its farmers with the financial assistance and the guidance to work out their own economic salvation. And it is this responsibility that FSA has assumed.

Today, as in the 'thirties, FSA is the one dam to the surge of out-migration of a desperate farming people. Through its loans, resettlement projects, debt-adjustment committees, marketing and purchasing cooperatives, it roots to the soil hundreds of thousands of potential migrants. Tackling rural poverty at its roots through its rehabilitation program, it shows its clients how to farm so as to save the land, how to break the yoke of one-crop farming and how to raise food in sufficient variety and quantity for health. Its group medical-care plan brings the service of the doctor to countless families who formerly lived—or died—with only hazardous home ministrations. Most important of all, through its tenant-purchase program it has fulfilled for over 23,000 rural Americans their natural heritage—home ownership.

The cost of this rehabilitation program including loans, losses and the cost of administration is approximately seventy-five dollars per year per family served, at the end of which time the family has greatly increased its livestock, equipment and productive capacity. Compare with this the cost of work relief, which ranges from \$350 to \$850 per family according to the locality, with the family at the end of the year scarcely any better off, and the charge of "extravagance" can be dismissed as absurd. To date, FSA has made loans amounting to \$564,000,000 to over 900,000 needy families throughout the country. Of this amount \$202,000,000 has been repaid despite the fact that many of

these notes will not reach maturity for several years. Already more than 127,000 borrowers have repaid their entire loans.

Today with food for victory demanding the ultimate contribution from all of our farming people, FSA is swinging into the production sphere those farmers who formerly grew only subsistence crops or who actually extracted a toll from our national larder. The hundreds of thousands of farmers in the South who grow cotton to their cabin doors and buy what they eat are being taught to plant vegetable gardens and to acquire poultry and dairy stock; the millions of farmers who formerly produced for home use only are being given the impetus to grow for the market. All over the United States, FSA clients, by means of supplemental production loans, are implementing the slogans "Two More Cows," "Another Brood Sow," "Fifty More Hens" and are swelling the larder of democracy.

By helping farmers to purchase and use cooperatively trucks, tractors, combines, hay balers and blooded sires; by encouraging farm women to use in common pressure cookers, washing machines and other tools that lighten farm work, FSA is paving the way for expanded production in the face of possible shortages of farm machinery.

If the rubber shortage immobilizes the flivver fleets of America's millions of migrant agricultural workers, FSA is prepared to transport them to the fruit and vegetable crops that would otherwise rot in the fields. This year FSA will add eighteen mobile camps on the East Coast, making a total of 101 stationary and moveable units now in existence or under construction. Following the crops these camps will move from Florida to Maine, from California to Washington, insuring the farmer a stable flow of labor and the worker decent living accommodations.

Because of its unique success in emergency housing, FSA early in the defense program was charged with providing housing for large segments of our ever-growing army of industrial workers. To date it has provided 16,000 portable dormitories, 3,700 demountable houses, 1,400 permanent homes and 13,000 trailers for defense workers whose health and well-being were being jeopardized seriously by housing shortages in overcrowded defense centers.

The Farm Security Administration has also assumed responsibility for nearly 17,000 farm families rendered homeless by expanding industries and military reservations. In addition to providing temporary housing for these people, it has made cash grants to families who were without funds for moving; it has given assistance in relocations and resettlement and in caring for livestock until a new farm could be located, and it has directed to defense jobs many of those who were unable to find farms. It is significant that the only criticism FSA opponents could level at this phase of the agency's activity was a specious attack on the legality of the resettlement procedure. No one could question the need for this service nor the agency's handling of such a critical situation.

Looking to the future when our munitions factories close, when our army is immobilized and

hordes of unemployed workers return to agriculture, FSA is the only agency in existence that can forestall chaos by providing both financial assistance and technical guidance for the inevitable resettlement program. When the war is over, and in a hunger-ridden world where food will prove our greatest weapon, FSA can furnish the armaments for peace as it is doing now for war.

Both today and tomorrow eroded land and eroded people offer the greatest threat to democracy. Our poorest agricultural regions are likewise our areas of greatest population pressure. The Appalachians, the Great Plains, the Cotton Belt, the Southwest and the Great Lakes Cut-over regions—embracing nearly half of the United States—produce more children and less wealth than any other sections of the country. Unless our Government can offer hope to these people through farm programs like FSA, out of their poverty, fear and confusion, may spring the seeds of our destruction.

Recognizing that "... there is the immense army of hired rural laborers, whose condition is depressed in the extreme, and who have no hope of ever obtaining a share in the land," Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno* warned: "These too, unless efficacious remedies be applied, will remain perpetually sunk in the proletarian condition."

BUILDING UP MARINES AT SAN DIEGO BASE

MOST REV. CHARLES F. BUDDY

RECENTLY General William Henry Rupertus, U.S.M.C. escorted the writer of this column through the Marine Base of San Diego. The experience proved instructive and heartwarming. I venture to state that few people comprehend the length and breadth of this vast setup which yields such an important part in the defense of our country.

The Base has an open-air amphitheatre to accommodate 6,500 Marines. On Sundays and Holy Days, this amphitheatre serves as a church. The three Masses celebrated there on Sundays draw over 4,000 worshipers. Other centers, too, invite the service men to fulfil their religious duties. Father McDonald, zealous post Chaplain, finds it necessary to work long hours to give the necessary spiritual aid.

A small but devotional chapel adjoins the Chaplains' office. As soon as the new liturgical tabernacle arrives, the Most Blessed Sacrament will be reserved on the altar of this oratory. One must admire the fine American spirit of fair play as manifested by our Government in respecting the religious obligations of its service men. Never before in our history was the practice of religion

given such systematic attention. After all, this policy recognizes religious freedom—one of the four objectives, according to our leaders, of the present war.

We were then ushered to one of the mess halls where 2,400 Marines enjoyed a delicious dinner. Entering through the kitchen, the Commanding General explained many details of that department—modern, sanitary equipment, ample refrigeration, a spotless kitchen. Anxious mothers far removed from these scenes of activity will be comforted to know that the United States takes no chances with the service cuisine. The best of foods—choice cuts of meat, fresh vegetables, home-made bread—are prepared by expert cooks, especially trained, and carrying out menus under the direction of dietitists. In an inviting atmosphere, well-balanced meals are served in cafeteria style, the quality and quantity of which should satisfy even the most critical mother.

Calling at the Post Exchange, we noted to one side a beer room neatly fitted up with attractive furniture. But the beverage had not even one customer. All business went to the near-by soft drink dispensary crowded with boys sampling malts, cokes and other delicacies at their own expense. Profits from these sales and sale of fruits go into a base recreation fund.

The Marine Base has a well-appointed gymnasium, bowling alleys, convenient showers. In the open spaces close to the medical department, we saw a group of raw recruits, without uniforms, falling into line for their first training. In spite of tailored suits with padded shoulders, they presented a rather ragged front. Wait a few weeks and behold the transformation. All the swagger disappears and gives place to erect, firm, athletic gait, graceful carriage, bright eyes, mental alertness—a complete physical build-up which reacts in quick thinking, prompt response to orders, discipline, self-reliance, initiative—all emblems of character development. The trained fighting man contacts reality and the artificial no longer has any place in his life.

Our interest heightened on approaching the Marine Base Library, which has large, airy rooms, well lighted, rubber-tiled floors, reading tables, racks of current magazines and daily papers, and cases containing thousands of wholesome volumes. The Base has also class rooms, presided over by learned instructors. In fact, the general impression is more that of a great university than a training camp.

No man going through this course could help but emerge a better citizen and a better man. The scientific curriculum demands accuracy and a thorough grasp of the studies undertaken. No half measures nor fractional knowledge, no hazy facts can be tolerated. The discipline is firm but understanding and kindly. Highly trained officers, men holding university degrees with a wide range of experience, some Annapolis graduates, others elevated from the ranks, complete the picture of a government setup that is educational, efficient and uplifting.

GUARD THE HOME FRONT WITH A PEOPLE'S ARMY

CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER

WAR may come to the soil of this country on the West Coast or on the East Coast. It will not be like any war which has previously invaded the areas of America. There will not be merely single columns under Cockburn to land in Maryland and march on Washington or on Baltimore, to be fronted or fought on battlefields beside the Anacostia or the Patapsco, or compact expeditions under Howe to land at Gravesend or at Elkton and move to Brooklyn Heights and Brandywine to battle according to old rules of tactics for the possession of New York and Philadelphia.

War today is different from that. Attacks are made by deep motor penetrations and by scattered parachute and plane-borne troops so as to hit simultaneously at many points in hostile territory as the Germans struck at Norway, Holland, Belgium and Crete. For such a type of attack, the old-time concentrated army method of defense does not suffice. In the theatre of possible operations, that is to say in England as a whole and at places within three hundred miles of either Coast, the danger is everywhere. Troops on the beaches and by the harbors are not enough. There must be troops at every crossroad, in every key village, near every possible landing place for planes.

War will come suddenly to one region or another. Who will be there to meet it?

The answer to this question lies in the character of the British Home Guard and of the State Guards here in the United States. Such a force, technically speaking, may bring every man into the "army" but the part of the army to which productive workers belong is a part-time army only. "You must be prepared," said Lord Beaverbrook to the laborers of England, "to leave your benches and your workshops and take up weapons to defend your country." He himself created defense units of workers in his factories, saw that they were trained and equipped for fighting as well as for production and ready to fight in what were called the "Beaverbrook Battalions"—now absorbed into the Home Guard. By this process, now broadly applied to city dwellers and farmers in the fields as well as to factory hands, Britain now has a force of a million and a half part-time soldiers, local defenders to meet and check any stab or thrust wherever it may come.

The British Home Guard is a volunteer force, serving at training periods and also on guard duty in rotation at vital points without pay. Its members are not called "privates" but officially by the honorable title of "volunteers." It is composed in large measure of seasoned veterans of what the British call the "Great War" of 1914-1918, men whose loy-

alty is unquestioned, whose ability to stand the danger and shock of battle was proved in the trenches of that war, men whose determination is as unshaken as it was along the Somme. They are either outside the ages for being "called up" for active service or in exempt classes on account of their personal skill at essential war work.

In the United States we have always had a militia tradition. Our militia finally became formalized into volunteer National Guard units, precise organizations with "Federal recognition," which were accepted as a part of the Initial Protective Forces in the American field army and recognized by Congress as at all times a part of the first-line defenses of the nation. In 1940 and 1941, these units were ordered or inducted into Federal military service, and most of them were moved far from their homes just as the corresponding British "territorials" were "embodied" into the British war army. This process left the States without forces under State control. Consequently, with the consent of Congress, granted by legislation of October 21, 1940, the States began to raise at home units of the State Guard.

There was no imminent danger of invasion here such as enrolled a million men in Great Britain in a few short weeks after Dunkirk. We had no sudden shotgun army of "the old and bold" rising spontaneously to defend the bunkers of the country club or the reaches of the beach. But by June 30, 1941, there were State Guard units formed to a total strength of 88,936. These tended to fit into the pattern, and use the armories of the National Guard units which had gone into Federal service.

In some respects this pattern has been unfortunate. It gave the State Guards too much the label of an anti-strike force. Indeed, the Secretary of War, at a press conference in March, 1941, went so far as to declare that such forces were necessary "as a substitute for the National Guard to be used to suppress disorder" because "in cases of great industrial production there are likely to be disturbances between capital and labor." In the second place, it tended to emphasize parade drill and guard duty to the exclusion of that field training in guerilla tactics with which much of the British Home Guard has been stamped. Events of the past year have tended to change the first unfortunate label, for the anti-strike duty done by these forces has been almost negligible and indeed regular troops did that duty in the conspicuous California incident last winter rather than State Guardsmen. Furthermore, the declaration of war and peril of token raids on our coasts have brought home to many the possibility that they may be fighting in the field against local thrusts instead of merely standing on guard, waiting, as it were.

First of the blows brought by the American phase of the current Dictators' war was a strain upon its personnel. These men, in the old tradition of the National Guard, had thought that they might be called to active duty for temporary emergencies only. They had never considered themselves as permanent guard-duty troops. On December 7, 1941, Governors were asked to take care of local protection with local forces. Many of them placed their

State Guards practically permanently on duty. They soon learned that full-time duty caused complications. Many men could not be permanently away from their civilian tasks. Federal departments protested against the loss of Federal workers from Governmental work. Governors were asked to cooperate by discharging such workers. The guard duty had to be done; but it could not be done on a full-time basis without crippling much business and Government. The State Guard strength was not great enough to provide for part-time duty in rotation of individuals, on the British model.

Such is the serious predicament which now faces the State Guards and their purpose.

At the same time there is everywhere evidence of widespread willingness to serve the nation. Citizens in Greenwich, Conn., wish to form a volunteer unit for local protection. Citizens of Easton, Maryland, are organizing for shore patrol. Men elsewhere desire to offer their services to protect power lines and plants, and to be prepared to spot and rise against parachute detachments. In Massachusetts, there is being formed a State Guard Reserve, outside of existing armories, to have a volunteer group in each town ready for duty, and to do duty, each man in his turn. In other places, under the impetus of the British example, there is a tendency to increase the size of existing State Guard units so as to provide for such duty there. The State Guard of eighty-eight thousand of last summer has increased in size, although it is still far from the million and a half which Britain has from a population far less numerous.

If the State Guard here continues to increase and to pattern itself on the British Home Guard, it will contribute greatly to the defense of our exposed frontiers. Wherever an enemy might land by sea or air, he would meet security units. War production would not be cut down a whit to furnish this force. The workmen of America could be workers and fighters, too, as in Britain.

We hear too much of the predominance of machinery in war today, so much that we lose sight of the worth of the brave individual with an unconquerable soul. It sometimes appears that the autocratic ages have been those when weapons were so expensive and complicated that the common man could not own and operate them, and that the democratic ages have been those in which the dominating weapon on the battlefield was a simple one, a bow, a strong sword, a rifle. In spite of tanks and planes, this is not solely a mechanical age. The parachutist must come to land lightly armed where he can be faced by a citizen also lightly armed. A milk bottle of sulphur, phosphorus and gasoline thrown against an armored tank, or a simple hand grenade exploded amid its wheels, may immobilize the huge machine. This has been proved on battlefields in Finland, Spain and Russia. The citizen soldier may not be able to fight a complicated war, but he can check a complicated machine if he has intelligence and determination and does not frighten easily so as to let the juggernaut run over him. This can still be a democratic age with a people's army.

A CONVERTED NAZI RETURNS TO BERLIN

MARTA WÁNKOWICZ

THE letter box was empty and I came back to my room with a faint, usual feeling of disappointment. Strewn on my desk were yesterday's few request labels for food-packages from war prisoners' camps in Germany. I looked through them again, trying to find the individual story of each of the colorless names on the uniform blanks of cheap paper. Ever so many of these blanks pass through my mailbox, much to the surprise of all the girls. I cannot and do not want to stop them. Space and time, three thousand miles of ocean, a thousand miles of land, seem to bring us closer rather than to separate us. Sometimes in the midst of buzzing college life around me—my own life for over a year now—it seems that I can almost touch these threads thrown across the ocean, trailing after the stories begun over there. Life goes on there, without me, bringing new issues, new developments and new knots in the peculiar events that were once a part of my life. One of them lately unwound most unexpectedly.

A year ago, in AMERICA, I told how it was that "I nursed the Nazis when they invaded Poland." I have learned just now, unexpectedly, the end of that story: after two years I have news of Alexander.

Alexander was nineteen, a volunteer in the German army, when I first saw him brought to our hospital with a fractured leg. We were almost of the same age, and I could not understand how anybody, being nineteen, could have this strange mentality imposed by Nazism. We did not talk politics, we did not talk much at all, but I did not hate him. I could not even dislike him. He was a fanatical Nazi, a faithful and sincere follower of the regime, with a rather peculiar but strictly observed moral code and with a certain straight thinking which gave me, even at first, the inscrutable idea that there was something noble and good about Alexander.

A transfusion of blood given by one of the Polish nurses saved Alexander's life. Two months later when I was leaving the hospital, I went to say goodbye to him. I could not resist the temptation to ask him one question. I wanted to hear and to be sure that he was good inside after all, and that he was young and human despite all the armor of Nazism built around his soul, the poison poured into his mind.

"Alexander," I said, "now as I leave the hospital, I think I have the right to ask you a question that has been bothering me for two months; I think I have the right to expect your frank answer; and I think that it is possible for us to understand each other. . . . Tell me: don't you have the simple hu-

man feeling of regret for all that you have done in Poland?"

Alexander looked at me attentively for an instant. Then he answered me without the slightest hesitation: "What makes me sorry, sister, is to have to tell you that I am sorry for nothing. I don't regret a thing!" I went away with new and bitter knowledge.

Five months later I left Poland. From Poland came the desperate headlines of occupation. And again and again I was thinking of Alexander, of his nineteen years, and of what he had said: "I don't regret a thing!"

Meanwhile his companions in arms brutally violated the neutrality of Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium. France fell and Italy entered the war. More and more cities were burning; and on the battlefields of Europe, the bodies of soldiers were piled high.

And there came a time when I told myself bitterly: "It is all nonsense, that talk about moral superiority over brutal physical strength. It is nothing but the covering up of weakness with high-sounding speech. There is no moral superiority of the vanquished. You have to win and then, only then, build up the spiritual standards."

I thought with a sort of queer remorse about Alexander and my hospital work. I remembered the incident of trying to get some apples for him. I could not very well bring fruit to Alexander and not to the four Polish soldiers who were in the same room. After infinite searches I dug out five apples. I brought them to the room and gave them to Corporal Bronislav H., who was the eldest of the five.

"Corporal," I said, "please distribute those apples, one for each of you."

Corporal Bronislav held the apples for a second in his hands. He turned around to look at his comrades, then turned to me and said:

"Give them to Alexander, sister, please. He is the youngest and the sickest here."

Alexander smiled happily when I gave him the apples. He did not talk about it, beyond a rather stiff: "Thank you, sister."

"What idiots we have been! What silly faint-hearted weaklings!" I thought, remembering this incident, remembering Alexander's transfusion. "You can't win the war this way!"

A letter from my father came yesterday, after six weeks' journey. "My dear little daughter whom I haven't seen for 487 days," it began. I had a lump in my throat reading these simplest words from the other part of the world, words sometimes crossed out with censor's ink, sometimes cut out completely with censor's scissors. There was something in the simplicity of my father's letter that was strengthening. Something, as in all his letters, very lively and very irresistible.

I stopped sharply in the middle of the letter, seeing Alexander's name. I felt for the first time, after these two years, the feeling of almost hatred toward those who were like him, toward Alexander himself.

"I have something to tell you that you will prob-

ably like to hear about," wrote my father. "It's about Alexander, your German patient from the hospital. I met here a Doctor L. who was taking care of Alexander when the boy was transferred from your ward to Doctor L's Ward III."

I looked back and remembered vaguely the Jewish surgeon, Doctor L. He was the chief of Ward III, a good, intelligent surgeon, with a rather strong consciousness of his being a Jew. Despite this he took the best care of Alexander. I remember him wondering with amazement that there were so many volunteers among the Polish personnel of the hospital willing to give their blood for Alexander's transfusion.

"I met Doctor L. here," wrote my father, "and he told me the end of the Alexander story. Alexander is a stepson of the leader of the German Youth, B. von S., and the son of the first marriage of Baroness B. von S. Alexander himself was quite a leader of *Hitler Jugend* before the war. Doctor L. told me that they were ordered to prepare Alexander to be sent back to Berlin. The powerful influence of his stepfather facilitated all the difficulties. When the boy was about to leave the hospital, he called Doctor L. and asked whether he could shake his hand before he left. The surgeon was greatly puzzled and refused, saying: 'You don't really want to shake the hand of a Jew, do you? You know that I am a Jew.' Alexander looked at him gravely.

"I've lived here through a great deal" he said, "and I see everything differently now."

Alexander—I feel that I owe you more than an apology. Now that you are converted despite your nationality and the part you took in this war, now that you have entered again the Brotherhood of Youth—I have to tell you that your conversion to the Good, conversion of an idealistic Nazi that you were, if there ever was one, was more than just your change of opinion, because you lived through many things in the Polish hospital and because you saw things to be different from what they had taught you. Once you had shattered my belief in the possibility of a universal human understanding. Now you have restored it with the most convincing, most beautiful proof. You were very sick, you were in the Polish hospital as a conqueror and a privileged member of the "better class." Your comrades were the self-pleased, victorious German soldiers, arrogant toward the Polish "element." And yet you saw, despite all those obstacles, that the truth was not what you believed in before the beginning of this war.

I am glad you saw it, and when you acknowledged it you proved this *noblesse* of character and straightness of mind which I suspected always in you, despite your telling me that you "don't regret a thing." You have overcome two prejudices of your race: against the Poles and against the Jews. And when you wanted to extend a hand of friendship to the Jewish doctor who saved your life, when you said you honestly revised your truths, then, Alexander, you achieved probably one of the most glorious victories in all your young life.

I am so glad you did it. I do not care what learned

conclusions can be drawn out of this incident by the equally learned psychologists and sociologists. Perhaps they will say that you are the typical example of the German youth of today, who believes only in what is immediately perceived and put before him, because he never even heard of anything else. Perhaps they will hope that this blindness of the

young German generation is only passing and that their conscience is hardened only on the surface.

I do not care what could be said about it. I am only glad that you did what you did, Alexander. And I thank you very sincerely for the best proof you gave me that the seeds of human kindness are never sown in vain.

THE NEAR EAST WAVERS BETWEEN THE NAZIS AND BRITISH

THOMAS O'SHAUGHNESSY

WITH the coming of Spring, the Axis may be expected to resume last year's forestalled thrust toward the strategic lands of the Near East. Syria and Palestine, the natural land-bridge linking three continents, seem destined to play the grim part that has been theirs in nearly every important campaign of the past: battlegrounds. Egypt's war-time value as guardian of the water passage (now admittedly closed) from Europe to the Far East dates from more recent times. Iraq and Iran, lost in a welter of sand and barren mountains, may soon reclaim some of the brief importance they held in the world's newlines of last summer.

Turkey, the lock of Near Eastern strategy, has until now pursued a policy of delay. As these lines are being written, however, Axis propaganda bears down with growing pressure on Turkish resistance. To what extent that pressure must be increased before the lock snaps and the door to Syria and Iraq flies open, is a question that two or three months will probably answer. Like other smaller countries, notably Ireland, Turkey believes she has little to gain politically by joining a battle of giants. From the Axis viewpoint, of course, small nations are not entitled to philosophize on the advantage or disadvantage of remaining neutral. Consequently, probabilities point to Turkey's imminent use as a passageway to the strategic Near East. Her geographical position threatens her with the fate of all small nations that have had the misfortune of being drawn into a totalitarian war, the fate of Norway, Holland and Belgium.

Syria's course is fixed for the nonce. Its occupation last summer by British forces, aided by a smattering of Free Frenchmen, forestalled what seemed about to develop into an infiltration in force by Nazi air-borne troops. Syria is one of the few parts of the Near East where any large portion of the population is in sympathy with Allied aims. Such sympathy is to be found chiefly in the Lebanon whose population is in the majority Christian.

Yet even here this sympathy is theoretical rather than practical, and likely incapable of any large sacrifice in the interest of victory for the Allied Nations.

The reasons for this attitude are various. Among them may certainly be listed France's tactlessness in handling an extremely delicate political situation in the years between World Wars I and II. Politically, the Syrians were aroused by the incompetence of the French High Commissioners sent to govern them; the religious sensibilities of the Christians were outraged by a succession of men who had little sympathy with the Christian Faith and no religious ties but those of Freemasonry. The moral decadence represented by a type of official sent out from France, was an abomination to those of all creeds in a land where a bewildering multitude of religions, rites and sects has tended to keep religious issues prominent.

Syria and the Lebanon are almost exclusively agricultural countries. In the days of imperial Rome, the province of Syria was one of the Empire's chief granaries, especially productive in grain crops and lumber. Today, after much of its arable land has been ruined by systematic deforestation during centuries of Turkish misrule, its harvests do not suffice for a population of three and a half million. Mineral resources are poor and industrial development unimportant. Practically all manufactured products must be imported. It is interesting to note that, before the present war, imports from Japan were not much below those from France, despite the "most-favored-nation" commercial agreement in the Treaty of Friendship and Alliance signed between France and Syria in 1936.

Before September, 1939, there existed in Syria a good deal of political unrest that inspired riotings on the slightest provocation. Garrisons of colonial troops, especially Senegalese, were stationed in Damascus and other important cities to quell such disturbances, some of which, under tactless han-

dling, assumed serious proportions. Examples are the Druse rebellion of 1925-1927 and the six weeks of riots and protracted strikes in 1936.

Consciousness of social ills and a growing nationalism, particularly among the more educated Christians of the littoral, were manifested in the formation of various societies, mostly Rightist in tendency. Communistic agitators, however, taking advantage of the extreme poverty and the low standard of living among the peasants, have been increasingly active during the past decade. The equivalent of about fifty cents a day is considered a good wage for the ordinary laborer, and although the necessities of life are relatively cheap, anything above bare essentials is priced on a scale roughly equal to our own.

Many of Syria's economic ills may be explained by the depletion of natural resources in a land whose productiveness was once proverbial; and there is a clear need of practical measures to solve social problems that have tortured the country, especially since World War I, during which tens of thousands died of starvation.

Beyond the borders of Lebanon popular sentiment regarding the present conflict varies but little among the preponderantly Moslem population. Artificial borders mapped out between Syria, Iraq and Transjordan are of little avail in dividing war-time opinion in a fairly homogeneous population. Great Britain's attempt to settle the Zionist-Arab problem in Palestine by measures which were rejected by both sides alike, has done much to recreate a bond of sympathy between nations that had gone far toward a permanent division on nationalistic lines before World War II. The Arab population of the Near East has chosen to regard as an insult Britain's attempt to keep promises, seemingly contradictory, made to both Jews and Arabs during the last World War. Sympathy with the Arabs of Palestine ran high in Baghdad and Damascus during the outbreaks of 1937 and 1938, when bombings and riots were for some months almost daily occurrences in Tel-Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem.

Moslems have never been noted for friendliness toward the Jewish nation. Mohammed himself, thirteen centuries ago, initiated the Mohammedan attitude toward Jews that has persisted with few variations since. Exasperated by Jewish refusals to accept him as a prophet, he slaughtered and enslaved hundreds of Jews and finally expelled every member of the unfortunate nation from the confines of Arabia. This traditional hostility is intensified today by jealousy at Jewish success in exploiting the latent resources of Palestine, mingled with indignation that Moslems should be subject to Jewish newcomers in a land hallowed in Islamic tradition. England is disliked, despite her attempt to make Egypt and Iraq self-governing, chiefly because the Arabs believe she is favoring Jewish interests to their disadvantage.

Hence, the Nazi regime in Germany, by its ruthless persecution of Jews and its determination to bring Britain to her knees, has drawn widespread

applause from the Arabs. The feeling is rather negative; anti-British rather than pro-German, but it is strong. The Arabs, too, unlike nations that overindulge in war-time optimism, are deeply impressed by strength and efficiency. And so the effect of the French debacle of 1940 may be easily imagined; opinion of the invincibility of German arms grew to a conviction that may be extremely hard to shake.

The Nazis have been prompt to foster such dispositions by a flood of propaganda broadcast in Arabic from Berlin. German-sponsored programs of excellent Arabic music, interspersed with accounts of the war's progress related by an Iraqi, exiled by pro-British officials for his too vocal leanings to Nazism, were most popular in Iraq a year and a half ago. Blaring loudspeakers set up in the midst of coffee gardens enabled all to become thoroughly imbued with German propaganda suited to the Arab taste and viewpoint. Among the simpler people in less accessible parts, Hitler was represented by German agents as a Moslem, born with the green girdle of the Prophet about his middle and divinely destined to restore Islam. At that time it was estimated that Arab sentiment was ninety per cent in favor of a German victory, or at least of a British defeat.

It seems practically certain, therefore, that the abortive revolt against British authority staged by the Iraqi army last spring, was a manifestation of popular feeling, and that it would have succeeded had the Germans been able to give it full support by invading Iraq in force. Recent British reports have admitted that sentiment was formerly pro-German but claim that it has now swung to Britain's side. However much we may wish to believe this claim of our ally, it would seem more prudent to reserve a final opinion until events shall have proved its basis in fact.

If spring does bring in its train an Axis invasion of the Near East, we may witness a battle somewhat on the lines of the campaign in Libya. Unless aggressor or defender is able to keep a definite advantage in the desert land of Syria and Iraq, fighting may develop into a series of sweeping attacks and counter blows against isolated posts separated by miles of No Man's Land. For, from April to October, during the dry season, the Syrian Desert changes from a sea of mud to an inferno of heat that renders fighting almost impossible to those not inured to it by long experience.

On the walls of the narrow passage by the edge of the Mediterranean at Nahr el Kelb, ten miles north of Beirut, are carved the names and inscriptions of conquering armies that have passed by this strategic land bridge from the beginning of history. Assyrians, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Romans, Moslems, Crusaders, French and English have all left their record in the limestone cliff. The Near East has indeed ever been a battleground. It is to be hoped that the battles, imminent there at present, may favor the forces that represent justice and civilization. They have not always done so in the past.

IF you happen to know anything about the movement of troops, departure or arrival of ships, the losses to the American forces in battle, or about any definite strategic plan contemplated by the Government, keep that information to yourself. If you talk about it, and report it correctly, that information may be of value to the enemy. If you talk about it, and exaggerate it, what you say will be repeated, and inflated until it becomes a story of death and defeat.

But it is even more important to keep to ourselves what we do not know.

What we do not know is an amorphous mass, composed of our hopes and fears. Out of what we do not know, spring stories that have no connection whatever with reality. What we do not know is like Hamlet's cloud, "almost in shape of a camel," "backed like a weasel," and "very like a whale," and in comparing it to something substantial, we can fool ourselves to the top of our bent. It is well enough to indulge in this fooling in matters of no importance, and when we have nothing else to do. But it may be very dangerous to take up rumors of war, and proclaim that now they are very like a camel, and now like a weasel or a whale.

That these comparisons will be made in war time is as sure as death and higher taxes. Some months ago, a foreign correspondent, an employe of one of the great news agencies, returned to the United States. Since his office had been destroyed by a bomb, and he had been put on the proscribed list, he felt that the climate had suddenly become insalubrious. On arriving in New York, he was assigned temporarily to Washington, and what he heard there astounded him. Out of a Babel of gossip, he gathered information which to his knowledge would be extremely valuable to the enemy. Clerks talked, underlings talked, officials talked, and while much of this prating was nothing but windy gossip, much would open valuable clues to an intelligent agent of Germany or Japan.

Washington, always a hot-bed of gossip, is now a hot-bed of gigantic proportions, and no small part of it is open to any inquirer. To put the matter more bluntly, let us say that if the Government is suffering from the effects of gossip, it ought to look more closely to the quality of its employes.

Two weeks ago, the Secret Service ran down a man who had actually been stealing from the Treasury. His loot consisted of paper money. On investigation, it was discovered that this employe of the Treasury was a burglar out on parole. This enterprising gentleman was caught before he could do much harm, but his case stirs the suspicion that there may be in other Federal Departments men with access to matters of infinitely higher importance: radicals, left-wingers, parlor pinks, and Communists, whose political ideals are wholly at variance with those of the Constitution.

Possibly these reflections are but another example of talking about things of which we know nothing. Possibly, however, they are not.

HEADLINES

IF an editor is a patient drudge who attempts to interpret public events and to influence public opinion, then the editor-in-chief of the modern newspaper is the man who writes the headlines. We do not know whether the industrious Dr. Gallup has made any investigation of the matter, but there is a common belief that a majority of readers stop at the headlines.

An amusing illustration of the headliner's art was afforded one morning last week by two metropolitan newspapers, reporting the same debate in Congress. One headliner found the heart of this argument in what he described as "War Workers Union Fees Set at 30 Millions." The other journal, in its account of the debate, did not even mention that a member of the House had accused the unions of compelling applicants for work to pay exorbitant fees for the privilege of employment in factories with war contracts. As an afterthought, it embalmed the statement in a few brief lines, and buried it in an obscure corner of an inner page.

Men whose work obliges them to analyze newspaper stories are well aware that it is never safe to assume that a headline accurately interprets the facts. Headliners work under difficulties, and look for the picturesque or the startling, rather than for sober-garbed truth. Their quest is apt to be particularly keen when the matter in hand is complicated, or when the writer, finding it difficult to ascertain the full truth, offers his conjectures. It is well to keep the difficulties of the headline writer clearly in mind, especially when reading what purport to be reports from the war zones, or from the Vatican.

Some newspapers have been featuring a report that the Vatican has accepted the proposal of the Japanese to appoint an Ambassador to the Holy See. Since the Vatican is not a combatant, and will never be, there is no technical reason why the proposition should not be accepted. If this diplomatic arrangement can lead to protection for the missions and the missionaries in countries now occupied by the Japanese military forces, it should be welcome by all who put charity before chauvinism.

However, no announcement has been made by the Holy See. Newspaper reports cannot take the place of that announcement.

OUR SHIELD

AN unknown correspondent in the South, to whom we return our thanks, has mailed us a number of religious announcements published during the week of Palm Sunday, in half a dozen or more small-town newspapers. From these clippings it appears that religious services were to be conducted on Good Friday by congregations of Methodists, Baptists and Disciples of Christ, most of them lasting an hour, but a few for the hours between noon and three o'clock. Those who knew these same congregations even twenty years ago will rejoice at the change which has come to pass. The movement which has been zealously carried on for the last few years is bringing forth harvests in unexpected fields. Formerly, many of these people, misled by a prejudice for which they were really not responsible, would have considered these Good Friday services a superstitious usage.

For this change every one who loves Our Lord Jesus Christ, and daily prays that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd, will rejoice. No Catholic can take any pleasure in the falling away from all religion of many who once called themselves Baptists, or Methodists, or Disciples. The apostasy has given us, in many instances, atheists in place of earnest, upright men and women who were not fully aware of the privileges and duties of those who belong to the household of the Faith. God will hear all who pray, and will give His grace to all who humbly approach Him. May these Good Friday meetings become an institution in a land once Christian, and continue to bring to millions a better knowledge of the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ for sinful man.

Meetings at which men and women unite in prayer are appropriate at all times, and necessary in the days through which we are passing. We have sinned, and we must repent, but there is consolation in one fact that is clear in our history. With a single exception, every Government in the world has persecuted the Catholic Church.

That one exception is the Government of the United States. We may humbly pray that the protection which our constitutional provisions have afforded the works of religion be unto us as a shield in the day of tribulation.

IF you are over sixty years of age, and if you were "raised" in a small town, you know what a jack of all trades is. Usually, he seemed to be a very old person, as he peered through his glasses (unless he had pushed them back on his forehead) at a broken chair or a leaky sauce-pan. But probably you remember him as very aged, because to six-year-old eyes, all grown-ups are very elderly. "Yes, ma'am," he would say, as he hoisted the chair, or thumped the pan, "I reckon I kin fix it." As he heated his soldering-iron, or brought out his glue-pot, and made that which was broken whole again, you thought him another Aladdin, but greater, because he could encompass marvels without even rubbing an old lamp.

The jack of all trades has joined the dodo, the roc, and other now extinct creatures. At least we no longer find him in our cities, and with the advent of the mail-order store, he has probably disappeared from the small towns as well. For today, we no longer repair objects that have been broken. We throw them away and buy new ones. It has been estimated that Japan, to cite but one instance, gathered up millions of tons of usable metal in the last five years by purchasing automobiles, ice-boxes, bicycles, tin cans, and similar material which we Americans had thrown on the junk-heap. Whether Japan also bought the chairs, tables, textiles, and other house-furnishings which we threw away, is a problem that can be left for some diligent worker in economic research. But even if Japan did not purchase the objects actually discarded, there must be thousands of attics and cellars in this broad land that are crammed with household gear which the old-time jack of all trades would have made usable for another decade.

For a good many years, we Americans have been living beyond our means. Any man lives beyond his means who decides that his coat or any other object that he uses cannot be refurbished up for more wear. Of course, there is a limit to service, for even a mountain, as the geologists tell us, yields to erosion if the process is kept up long enough. But in the next few years, we are going to discover how far we have been living beyond our means. "Only one razor blade a week!" exclaimed an outraged citizen, when he heard that the Government was about to enforce this limit. "In that case, I'll grow a beard." Yet any man who thinks he needs a larger ration really needs only a little experimentation to discover that one blade per week is ample; unless, of course, his beard is of a texture which, like wire, can be severed only by a metal-cutter. "Only one pound of sugar a week," pouts a young miss still in her 'teens. "No new car this Fall!" rages a pampered sportsman. Yes, that is the prospect. We are to get along with less, and we are going to "like" it. We are going to discover that for years we have been living a pampered existence. Even during the worst years of the depression which began in 1929, we managed to maintain general standards of living which in other

countries would be considered luxurious, or near it.

It was an enervating age, and we are not sorry to see it go. What we all need now if we are going to pull through this war, is a preparatory period of privation. We must catalog not the things that we need, but the things that we can do without. We have had long practice in compiling catalogs of the first kind; so long, indeed, that the work of compiling the second will probably be very distasteful. Diogenes got along with a tub, a lantern and a supercilious disposition. Omitting the lantern and the superciliousness, we shall get on better than ever if we make our needs as simple as an article as a tub.

There is a rumor that the trade in work-horses is thriving, for with the disappearance of the automobile age, we move back to the horse-and-buggy age. Will the horse-and-buggy age bring back the jack of all trades?

We hope that it will. We need him.

FREE SPEECH

THE decade that ended on January 1, 1941 was a decade of "crack-pots," because it was a decade of depression. This gentry, some of them with the purest of intentions, others motivated by love of money or of notoriety, appealed to a suffering people in pamphlets and magazines and over the radio, and they gained a large following. Some spiced their appeals with race prejudice, and others with hatred of the Catholic Church.

With the coming of war, most of the crackpots disappeared, but not all. A few still attack the Catholic Church over the radio, at least one publisher regularly issues a paper which attacks all religion, and others violently attack the draft law. These latter have recently attracted the attention of the Government by sending their pamphlets into the army camps, and the most prominent among them has been indicted for sedition.

It would be improper to pre-judge this matter, but the Government seems to have a good case, under the law which defines sedition. The jury may possibly find that the indicted man is insane, but assuming that he is not, it is not easy to see what defense can be offered. But the importance of the case, it seems to us, will be the light which the decision may throw on the always difficult problem of the limits which must be placed in time of war upon the exercise of the right of free speech.

As every intelligent citizen knows, every right, natural or constitutional, implies the duty of using it in a manner which does not infringe upon the rights of any individual, or of the Government. But it is unfortunately true that at times governments have defined their rights so liberally that any criticism is accounted disloyalty or even treason. Yet, in the American theory, the government that suppresses all criticism differs little, if at all, from that of Hitler or Stalin.

What criticism is permissible is for many citizens an anxious problem. For its solution we need all the aid that the judicial process can give us.

SWEET AND CONSOLING

NO one has ever compiled a catalogue of all the things that Satan hates. An ancient saying informs us that the devil hates holy water, and this is probably the best known of his hatreds. He hates everything that helps us to follow Our Lord Jesus Christ, and, in general, all that is righteous and holy. Of course, he hates prayer, and he hates the Sacraments, and while we cannot measure the intensity of his several hatreds, we can be quite sure that he reserves a special kind of hatred against the Sacrament of which we read in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xx, 19-31), the great Sacrament of Penance. If Satan trembles when he sees a sinner on his knees, he must fairly shake himself apart when that sinner rises from his knees, and disappears behind the curtain of the confessional.

Now, as we have observed from our reflections upon the Sunday Gospel, Satan is a great fool. But he is a logical kind of a fool, and he never acts without what he considers a good reason. Every soul that lays down its burden of sin before Christ's representative, every soul that by returning again and again to the confessional so that, being washed with the blood of the Lamb, it may become whiter than snow, is another reason for Satan's hatred of the Sacrament of Penance. Peter denied his Master, and Paul persecuted the Master's followers, and Magdalen was lured by deceitful loves, but daily in some humble confessional another and lesser Peter weeps bitterly, and another Paul hears the voice of Jesus, and a Magdalen washes the feet of Christ with her penitent tears, and dries them with the gold of her hair. Praise to His infinite mercies for this Sacrament of Redemption through which the Saving Blood of Christ is applied to the souls of sinful men.

How good our Saviour is to us whom He has called to be the sheep of His flock! He gives us the Church to guide, and rule, and teach us, His most Precious Body to be the Food and Life of our souls, His Mother to be ours, and this great Sacrament of Penance to restore us again to love and peace when we have strayed from Him. This is a Sacrament of Penance indeed, but the penance, like His yoke, is sweet, and like His burden, it is light. To fear it and to shrink from it, is to yield to Satan's wiles. He knows that he has won much, and may win all, if he can create in our souls a certain distaste for this Sacrament which, no less than the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, proves His infinite love for us. The Catholic who receives this Sacrament regularly and with proper dispositions will live united with Christ, and in the last dread moment will die in peace.

May Peter, and Paul, and Magdalen, and Augustine, and all that glorious host of Saints, once sinful children of Adam like ourselves, obtain for us a real love of this great Sacrament. May their intercession bring back to Christ, during this Easter time all those poor sinful souls who so needlessly fear that they cannot break the chains that hold them back from this sweet and consoling Sacrament of Peace.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

IDEAS ON READING

FRANCIS B. THORNTON

READING is a pleasure. Ordinarily it cannot be called an escape any more than the stir to become acquainted with interesting people is escapism. The clash of mind on mind sharpens a man's awareness to life. Wide reading should have the same effect. In addition to this it should fertilize the imagination and do much to enlarge the vocabulary and color modes of expression.

In spite of these obvious advantages, I pity the majority of people who read a great deal, if that reading seems to be of no advantage to them.

There is a small group of people who realize profit from wide reading. They read anything and everything but they winnow things as they go along. Discrimination and analysis are the instruments of their superiority. They expect the best and they sort it out of the welter of current volumes. Tags and glowing reviews mean nothing to them. Competence lies in their own judgment.

Most book buyers or readers have not the gifts for such mental and critical labor, or if they possess such abilities, fashionable trends or sheer laziness prevent them developing their native ability to reason and select. They may be divided easily into three groups.

The first of these classes may be appropriately called the lion hunters. This type of person is well known in the social world. The cinema as well as literature has given us unforgettable pictures of hostesses who go about trying to lure the latest "great man" into their parlors—musical prodigies, eccentric artists, foreign reporters, budding poets or those in full eruption; anyone who presently bears the whitest light of the most enduring or ephemeral publicity. Celebrities are not invited because they are worth knowing or because they have something to say; their very presence, like any of Frank Buck's triumphs, brings the prestige which accrues to a hostess when she can say: "Yes, he was at my house. Marvelous man!"

There are readers of this kind. Every week they scan the book reviews, and after a most casual reading of such lists they rush to the nearest bookstore or lending library. By carelessly paging through a number of books they are prepared for the next club meeting or cocktail party. At either their conversational approach is much the same. "Have you read *Black Thunder*? Isn't it just too wonderful! The passage in which Phyllis says goodbye to her dog before she jumps from the window left me almost in tears."

Before you can say you think *Black Thunder* rank swill, because you have read it *all*, the lion hunter has already mentioned *Goose Greece Folly*, *Knights With Purple Noses* and *I Found No Gnat Alive*. Gaily the catalog is reeled off. Every time you open your mouth to make a comment the monologist throws a new book in your teeth and is off on a fresh tack punctuated with: "Have you read this and have you read that?"

There are elements of caricature in the foregoing portrait, but basically it is quite true. Under the classification "Lion hunter" are included a great number of people: all those who have come to identify the "best seller" with best book, or masterpiece.

The next group of readers may properly be called "book bores." In general they are as dull as all conversational bores who have long forgotten the *take* of conversation and can remember only the *give*.

Book bores may be subdivided into two classes. The first is made up of those who insist on giving you synopses of books you wouldn't dream of reading. From the time when the dewy-eyed hero slept in his cradle, until the day he marries his fourth wife on the Riviera, you must follow in grateful silence the evolution of fatuity.

The second kind of book bore is the type which attempts to read odd books in order to shine in conversation. A mention of the Hapsburgs leads to a disquisition on Hawaiian volcanoes, a quotation from Horace calls up the baroque churches of Sicily, your niece's scarletina is the fanfare to a lecture on Scarlatti. An evening spent in such company is like a hell composed exclusively of Kierans and Adamsons and Fadimans.

The third main group of readers are the "escapists." This heading does not embrace those who select the books they read for purposes of pure recreation. Such folk, as a rule, are far too intelligent to be either "lion hunters" or "bores," nor do they read to escape from life. They correctly see that some books are written merely to amuse and refresh, and while recognizing wider reaches of literature, they are content to leave them to the pundits or the educated. Genuine escapists are not of this type. With them it is a question of filling the hours. They are as ready to dip into the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci as they are to read the poems of Edgar Guest. Their preferences run to detective stories and novels with swift moving plots. Nothing much stays with them and they are as hard put to it to remember authors as they are the titles of books. Reading is dope to them. Their conversation about books is a tissue of memory scratching, abortive sentences and dangling participles.

The tabulation of these types has its amusing side. It is also tragic in many ways. No one would

maintain it is less than tragic that people should use books to blunt their senses as well as their sense of values. To meet great personalities should be a life-altering experience, but if a man use company to dull the keen edge of imagination and discrimination all company is a curse. The great seer is, then, of no more importance than the purveyor of card tricks. The best books are still those which sharpen our awareness toward life. They cut both a vertical and a horizontal swath: teaching us to look into the nether earth and the clouds and abroad into the hearts of men. They open the gates to our own submerged greatness.

Books are not necessarily great because they run into many editions, they do not become great through any test of time. What have the passing hours to do with greatness, or for that matter, the dirty thumbs of the multitudes? When a book is first written it is as notable as it will ever be, even should the hen tracks of scholars annotate its pages.

Great books are lanterns swung aloft in a high tower. They send light into the darkness of our age and our hearts. They reveal both detail and the whole plan of things. All the lovely little hedgerows come alive with blossom and fall into the half-remembered pattern of home which before was never so memorable a place. Great books teach us how to live and endure; to hope and, above all, to love. They take things apart for us but they also put them together again.

AND ON BOOK CLUBS

HAROLD C. GARDINER

READ this following letter and weep with the Book Review Editor. The Holy Week is here, as I write, and exacerbations of spirit ought to be welcome fare, but honestly, I do protest—cross my heart and hope to die—the B.R.E.'s lot is decidedly not a happy one.

My oh-how-sorry-I-feel-for-myself doldrums gloomed upon me on reading this:

Several months ago I was convinced by friends that the "nicest" people all belong to the Literary Guild and so I joined. Before a new book comes out, we receive a review and all we have to do is sign a little slip, mail at once, and we get the book before anyone else. I try to study the reviews very carefully before I decide to purchase the book.

It makes one somewhat unhappy to get a book highly recommended by the Guild and then, in about sixty days (never sooner), pick up *AMERICA* and find an unpleasant review about it. If you must review the Literary Guild books, why don't you do so before the members have been tempted to purchase one? The review of *Bride of Glory* [in *Wings*, the newsletter of the Literary Guild] was convincing—I just knew it would be a grand historical novel and biography. This week I find that *AMERICA* labels the book "Glamorized Concubinage." It is quite discouraging.

Discouraging is right, *AMERICA* subscriber from Denver. Here we have been breezing along smugly in the editorial sanctum, quite convinced that all the world and his brother recognized the shining fact that we were doing a pretty good job in the book columns. We have even printed encomia on the promptness of our reviews—and now, this bludgeon in the dark!

I protest—I will not take this lying down—I will vindicate my slender virtue. That "never sooner than sixty days"—that's what hurt. Why, O *AMERICA* subscriber, the very book in question was reviewed sixteen days after publication. And we are not allowed (by the publishers, not by any Papist regulations) to review books before they are published, so we cannot warn you about the Book Club selections ahead of time.

Picking five best sellers at random from the New York *Herald Tribune* list, I find that in the fiction group, *AMERICA*'s reviews averaged twenty-two days after date of publication, and in the non-fiction, forty-eight. Why, there is a time lag between publication and review even in such journals as the New York *Times* Book Review Section. I picked ten books at random from a recent issue and found that the average lapsed time was nineteen days. This is due, as with us, to late reviews of non-topical books.

This indignant vindication of our efficiency, however, is just a little window-dressing. The point I would really like to make to this subscriber, and through him (her) to all our readers, and to every Catholic in the country, is this—there is a *Catholic Book of the Month Club*. Its choices, in literary value, are as good as those of any book club. In taking its recommendations you will be saved from getting offensive books. Some of its selections in recent months have been: *Catherine of Aragon*, *The Jesuits in History*, *Canton Captain*, *Mountain Meadow*, *France on Berlin Time*. You cannot get a better selection than that.

It has always been one of the unsolved mysteries of the universe to my fumbling mind how and why Catholics take their guidance in such an important matter as their reading habits from a Fadiman, a Van Loon, a Woolcott, *et al.* They are brilliant writers, yes; but on so many things they just do not speak our language.

If you have to have your books chosen for you, at least choose the right choosers.

Perhaps the authority and efficiency of our Book Review columns may wax even stronger if our readers know the qualifications of the reviewers. Do these names that appear so frequently represent a group of experts? Yes, they do, and to make you aware of this, there will be a little Who's Who each week, at the end of the book columns, on the reviewers of the three feature books. We hope, as you keep posted on them and their fitness for the job, that your confidence in *AMERICA*'s book judgment will grow apace.—*Literary Editor*.

TRUER INTIMATIONS

The Easter dawn so fresh, the air so bright,
The grass so shining soft, the church-bell hush,
The little maid, lips parted, cheeks a-flush,
An older toy than Troy pressed to her tight.

A purple bunny, very funny, right
Hand holds; left clutches tyke of tousled plush.
Oh! pretty! All her love goes in a rush
For animals that friend a child at night.

A sleeping girl babe with her Panda bear!
So might have drowsed the maid Miranda there
On Bermoothis isle next hairy Caliban;
So Rose Red drum her merry ratapan
Against the beast's brown pelt; or Eva yawn
By tawny lions couched on Eden lawn.

CHARLES A. BRADY

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon, will a woman
Take you unaware?
Stalwart Simon, has your boasting
Had a silly scare?
Sinful Simon, Sinful Simon,
How could you deny?
You know you were in love with Him
Oh, the hurtful lie!
Sorry Simon, Sorry Simon,
Teach me sorrow too:
For I've hurt my only Love
Even now as you.
Sainted Simon, Peter-Pope,
Shepherd of your flock,
Teach me to be resolute
As a rock . . . a rock.

MARY C. McKENNA

RENDEZVOUS

Tear His shrines down,
Break His heart,
Rip your own selves'
Souls apart,
But Him you'll meet again.

Hate His faithful,
Rear His young,
Say He mocked us
Where He hung,
But hark all bitter men:

Life is sweet,
And life your own,
But Death is hard
And His alone,
And Him you'll meet again.

MARIA CRILSON

ON THE THIRD DAY

Look! Weariness has left her limbs
And the grey hands folded on her thin breast
Are strangely beautiful, wrinkled, yet flushed
With eager tenderness, touched with the wilt of sorrow,
Paled by the grasp of labor, yet firm in gentleness
As if they were to lift or disentangle, save, enwrap
Some frail, hurt thing, confident in their power.
And her mouth! Never have I seen this.
Old am I, and have laid many a shroud
About still bodies. Beautiful are they,
Peaceful and full of rest so that I say
As if to a small child; "Do not wake yet.
Sleep well, before you look upon the other world.
Sleep is so blessed and comes this way but once."
But this—this is not peace alone upon her lips,
Nor joy, nor the great radiance of heavenly sight.
They are all there, and yet the mouth smiles not:
Sorrow is there, grief of the unforgot,
And with it, all the small, sad wonders of a child
Clustered as if for utterance, and yet not hers.
She has not lost the dignity of age;
And yet, were her Son brought to her,
Made small, made weak again,
She would not look other than this.
Nay, on the day John said; "Thy Son is risen,"
She looked less glad, less maiden-like than now,
Less tip-toed on the threshold of her house
Than now upon the sill of death.
I dare not pour the oil nor fold her in.
Let others wrap her, roll the heavy stone.
When they return to find her, on the morrow,
Heavy with grieving, burdened with their prayers,
Let them be ready, she will not be there.

FRANCES FRIESEKE

IN A MONASTERY REFECTORY

Here where the peer and peasant congregate
And abstinence makes daily sustenance
They sit, these men whom food can never sate—
The monks for whom true life is penitence.

Over and over each has lived again:
Tradition ages youth a thousand years;
And in their eyes life's tragedies remain
Like storms about to break in unwept tears.

That young monk whom the poor man knows
Burns with the fire of Assisi's flame.
That old one lifts a brow where heaven glows;
Both know a peace no sword of war can maim.

A gnarled hand at the lectern turns the pages
Whence warriors, citizens of heaven, come
While each cowed listener his weakness gauges
To rival Paul in living martyrdom.

These need no pity. Realms may rise, may rot:
This silent citadel of holiness,
Dispensing rugged peace the world knows not,
Is strong as souls immured in selflessness.

SISTER MARY ADELAIDE

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BOOKS

FLIES CONQUER FLYPAPER

THE MOON IS DOWN. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. \$2

VINTNERS tell us, I understand, that the first wine from newly crushed grapes is bitter; it has to age a while to become mellow. The wine that John Steinbeck drew from his *Grapes of Wrath* was a bitter draft; this book treats fundamentally the same theme, that of oppression, but from it he has pressed a mellow vintage.

It is the story of the conquered peoples of this war, brought to the sharp and miniature focus of life under the invader in a small town. The townsfolk are simple, homey people, from the grandfatherly Mayor down to Annie, his cook. The invasion leaves them, at first, curiously unmoved, filled most of all with a childlike wonderment that such things can be. The officers of the enemy, who quarter themselves on the Mayor, are of two types: the older men, who had seen service in the last war, and who, at the few moments they dare think and speak as men, are puzzled and bewildered about the sanity of the whole business of war; and the younger men, indoctrinated from the cradle that there is but one God, Race, and that the Leader is its prophet.

Near-human soldier and regimented robot alike, however, find themselves like flies trying to conquer flypaper. Bewilderment of the simple people gives way to sullen hostility; the killing of a soldier leads to reprisals, and the invaders find their morale, their nerves, their very faith in themselves as human beings, as members of the human family, slipping away from them lifeless in the horrible cold of sullen, hate-filled ostracism. They have conquered, but they are outcasts.

The writing in this short novel is superb; it is clear and touched with real beauty in short descriptive passages; it is crisp and in character in the dialogs, and the characters themselves are alive and human. It is a hopeful book: it makes us hope that it may be true, after all, that a people's love of freedom cannot be utterly crushed, and it makes us hope that John Steinbeck has found that interest in the poor and unfortunate of the earth can have their cause championed without bitterness and rancor.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

BLEND OF ANGEL AND BARGEE

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY. By Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

THE second volume in Sean O'Casey's literary autobiography is really rather the autobiography of a city than of a mind or personality: Dublin, the only one among the Western World's great capitals that still retains the Elizabethan stir and rush of Dekker's tavern-pieces. The *genre* study of cities as literary protagonists probably began with Dickens' London; and Dublin has been especially favored of the Twentieth Century. There is Lord Dunsany's decorous Georgian Dublin; there is Strong's middle-class, and Joyce's phantasmagoric Dublin; there is the Dublin of O'Flaherty's gunmen; and here are the piping humors of O'Casey's proletarian Dublin, done in the raw primary colors of a Breughel painting, but in the Irish idiom. She is a roaring slattern of a city, but O'Casey looks upon her sleazy stockings and run-down heels, with all the affection of François Villon viewing medieval Paris; and as Villon found *Notre Dame* crowning his city, so O'Casey looks at sunset upon his Brandy, porter-drinking Dublin—"and from every pillar and every wall hung festoons of rosary beads, the precious jewels of a poor

people. Night and day the air was alive with an everlasting murmur of Pater Nosters and Hail Marys . . ."

Not that Mr. O'Casey spends all of his time, or even much of it, in Our Lady's chapel. His pages are full of a gusty profanity that thinks naturally in terms of a round curse as the obverse of a no less fervently conceived prayer. But if one can swallow the oaths, it is a different thing with the flagrantly Joycean anti-clerical puns, which perch more clumsily, anyway, on the lips of this vivid-sighted pub-crawler than they did on those of the more patrician recusant. The bou'l'boy is more at home, when he drops this precious punning, and gives us the three-cornered brawl in the *Cat 'n' Cage* between the Fusiliers and the hurley-players, with the hapless Peelers in the middle; or when he huddles before us the cheering crowd in front of the Boer-War bulletins flashed on the screen of the *Irish Independent*. The fat Abbey roles of the coming *Plough and the Stars* and *Juno and the Paycock* are fleshing themselves in the brain of Johnny Casside as the Horse Police ride down the marchers in Parliament Street.

Mr. O'Casey's prose is best when it approaches the dialog-vitality of his plays. Otherwise, the shadow of Joyce is over it, and not to its betterment, though for color and bite it approximates O'Faolain's fine *King of the Beggars*. The Irish literary stomach is alternately squeamish and ventripotent, and his blend of the Archangel and the bargee is not for those prospective readers, Milesian or otherwise, who find a queasy spell coming on when they read, translated into broad Saxon, the immortal appellation gained by James II at Boyne Water.

CHARLES A. BRADY

IMMINENT BANKRUPTCY

THE UNITED STATES AND CIVILIZATION. By John U. Nef. The University of Chicago Press. \$3

DO not be misled by the title of this book, or by the fact that the author teaches economic history at Chicago University. This is not the usual blather about enlightenment, evolution and bathtubs which we have come to expect from the non-Catholic academic mind. *The United States and Civilization* is an important and valuable book. Professor Nef writes of contemporary civilization from a position somewhere between the late Irving Babbitt and, say, M. Etienne Gilson; and that, alas, is enough to condemn him.

It is the author's contention that, if American civilization is not already bankrupt, it is in imminent danger of becoming so. He sees us undergoing not only a spiritual and intellectual crisis, which is evident enough, but a severe material crisis as well. The latter is not just a question of an economic dislocation, such as we have endured before, but of a new and revolutionary industrial trend. When we consider the factors that led to our great industrial output—virgin resources, growing population, ever-increasing demand—we see that they have undergone a radical change. "The chances are," he maintains, "that in the decades which lie ahead the volume of industrial output among the Western nations will increase very much more slowly than during the nineteenth century." And to this pass we have been led by the blunder of making material progress the end of our national existence.

If democracy is to survive among us, he continues, we must recognize and honor the true ends of civilization, which are virtue, wisdom and beauty. For the greedy striving after material things we must substitute subordination of passion to reason, the pursuit of art, the cultivation of moral philosophy and religion. To effect this change, it is imperative that we revamp our educational system, reestablish religion and the family as cultural forces, modify the excessive freedom of economic enterprise and strengthen and purify our constitutional form of government.

A large program, to be sure, for twentieth-century

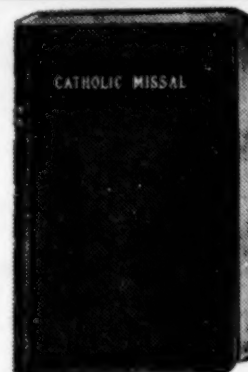
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America, but, since the alternative is despotism, we have no other choice except to make the endeavor.

In *The United States and Civilization*, so many good things abound that a sympathetic reviewer hesitates to criticize. It should, however, be pointed out that, if the author were more conversant with the writings and allocutions of Pius XI and Pius XII, as well as with the position of the German Hierarchy, he probably would not have condemned so sweepingly the Church's attitude toward the political crisis of our age. But reading this book, savoring its sanity, acumen and appreciation of the Christian traditions of Western civilization, one is not in the mood to stigmatize occasional blemishes.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

FAST BY THE ROAD. By John Moody. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE journey has been a pleasant and an adventuresome one for John Moody since he first turned his face toward *The Long Road Home*. This pleasant and chatty, and withal quite profound volume of reminiscences of his intellectual and spiritual adventures since his conversion is engaging reading and valuable for two main reasons. First, it shows how deep and true a grasp an interested layman can get of the beauty and profundity of Catholic dogma; second, it portrays the wrenches and struggles the convert must undergo to adjust himself to normal Catholic life and thought.

The author is, as you know, not a cloistered theologian: he has cracked the whip over many a Bull and Bear on Wall Street; finance and market trends are no mystery (or, at least less a one than to us uninitiates) to him. But through all his busy life has run a deeply humane interest in human beings, and this book provides many a moving and humorous sidelight on *homo sapiens*, in the stories of the strange and ridiculous concepts many an otherwise intelligent leader in the financial world has of religion and the Faith.

Mr. Moody has been an apostle since his conversion, but we venture to think that this book will do more to show both Catholics and sincere inquirers the attractiveness of the Faith than all his convert's zeal for converting which he found he had to temper when he turned his face toward home on the road he now describes so well.

DONALD G. GWYNN

BOOK OF BAYS. By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.50

FOR some indefinable reason, the old and ungrammatical expression of bafflement which has to do with fish, fowl and herring, comes to mind when this reviewer tries to estimate his impression of Mr. Beebe's latest book-of-nature-for-the-lay-mind. *Book of Bays* is a "popular" account of a biological expedition along the western coasts of Central America during the winter of 1937-1938 in Mr. Templeton Crocker's yacht *Zaca*. Mr. Beebe talks at times like a Sunday supplement, at times like W. H. Hudson and Felix Salten, and at times like Burton Holmes and James Fitzgerald, or like a university professor of natural history lecturing a ladies' literary circle. He is always pleasant, and mostly interesting. But one gets the impression that he would be much more at home with an audience to whom he could speak familiarly of *cirrhitidae*, *bathygobii*, *lepidopterae* and *trachurops crumenophthalmus*, without having to stop to interpret.

Mr. Beebe is for evolution all the way up from slime to Time and on the way back to slime again. But somehow he sounds like all other evolutionists when he tries playfully to explain theory to the layman: no matter how profound and sensible it may sound in the scientific ideology, it gets rather silly and shamefaced in ordinary language, and he knows it. Perhaps it is because the theory stops short of asking the next logical question.

There are thirty excellent photographs included, taken by assistant Toshio Asaeda, John Tee Van and the author. Ever since we read the book we have been wondering about Toshio: did he keep duplicate records of the voyage, and if so where are they now? And wonder-

ing, too, if Mr. Beebe would be as completely pleasant a companion as he seems to be, most of the time, in his books.

R. F. GRADY

RESPECTFULLY YOURS, ANNIE. *By Sylvia Brockway.*

E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

THESE are the letters of a London cook called Annie. They are sent to her Madam, Mrs. Sylvia Brockway, and arrive with marvelous regularity at Littleton, N. H., U. S. A. The letters cover a time from September, 1939 to October, 1941, and tell all about the air raids and food and the neighbors and friends. There are about ninety pieces of correspondence all done in Annie's quaint, low-brow style and revealing a wonderful devotion. It seems Mrs. Brockway, American born, came back to her native land with her two children when the trouble started, and left her home and her English husband in the care of Annie. In making her faithful reports, it's clear that Annie is a brick, is resourceful and loving, never says any prayers even under a storm of bombs, mentions the Name of God only a couple of casual times and has a store of English pluck that offers real resistance to Hitler and his defeatist propaganda. But after a while one tires of Annie.

THOMAS BUTLER FEENEY

LIBERATORS AND HEROES OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA. *By Marion F. Lansing.* L. C. Page and Co. \$3

HERE is a volume which, without any pretensions to scholarship or research, presents in brief narrative the careers of fifteen heroes of the independence or early national development of Mexico and the six Republics of Central America. Intended for consumption by the general reading public, this book will impart an amount of good historical knowledge concerning various national crises of our good neighbors closely south and of the heroes, some more worthy than others, who helped begin or complete during the past century a national existence independent of Spain.

Four Catholic priests figure in this collection of pen portraits, two for Mexico and two for Central America; while two citizens of the United States of North America, the filibuster, Walker, and the more worthy railroad builder, Minor Keith, are prominent for Costa Rica. While the narrative runs plainly but pleasingly and the substance of the historical presentation is on the whole accurate, the book has the defects of most narratives of this kind: the generalizations are too facile and sweeping and the complexities of the actual historical picture are sometimes deceptively simplified. The impression, for instance, is given that Iturbide of Mexico was impelled to proclaim himself Emperor because of plots against the government. It was not quite so easy as that.

As might be expected in such a work as this, some of the characters are lacquered over with a varyingly generous veneer of varnish or enamel. As almost always happens, too, when an historical background is briefly attempted, as it is here in the first chapter, we have unscientific generalization, simplification and subjective entry of the author's own viewpoint. A still more exacting historical criticism would point out various mistakes and inaccuracies. But these will not much harm the general reader who will, on the other hand, gain from the perusal of the more solid substance of these pages better knowledge and understanding of our southern neighbors.

PETER M. DUNNE

HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, obtained his Ph.D. in English at Cambridge University, England.

CHARLES A. BRADY, Ph.D. in English from Harvard, teaches that subject at Canisius College, Buffalo.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE, Staff member, was one time professor of History at Saint Louis University.

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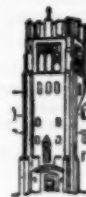
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THEATRE

NATHAN THE WISE. In the past month there was a very attractive type of Jew on the stage of the little Studio Theatre down in West Twelfth Street. I saw him there and admired him, as I admire his prototypes among my Jewish friends. He was not only wise, he was tolerant, understanding and deeply sympathetic. We need him and a lot more like him at this period of intolerance and persecution in the world. So it is good that the Shuberts decided to move *Nathan the Wise* uptown, after his down-town tryout, and to give him a chance to endear himself to bigger audiences in the Belasco Theatre.

As I write he is not yet there. Supposedly he will be when this review appears. But the theatres of this and last season have made an incredible record of changed dates and broken promises. The New York theatre is in no condition to stand such treatment. It is already a bit groggy on its feet, especially toward the end of a season which has given us seventy-three new plays and only nine successes.

That is another story, however, and I must get back to *Nathan the Wise*.

Let me say, first of all, that it is Gotthold Ephraim Lessing's fine old play, written in 1779 as a protest against intolerance during the Third Crusade, and adapted by Ferdinand Bruckner as a much-needed effort along the same direction in 1942.

The enthusiastic young people back of the Studio Theatre presented it lovingly and much better than most such groups could do. The Shuberts are wise to give it the big chance in the wider field uptown. At the Studio Theatre it had a run of eleven nights, which is a long season there. (Those youngsters are crazy for new experiments.) At the Belasco, we are told, it is to be run "indefinitely" at the reduced price of \$2.20 for the best evening seats and \$1.65 "top" for matinees.

How many of the original cast will make the uptown journey we are not yet informed. I hope the list will at least include Herbert Berghof, who was admirable as Nathan, and Bram Nossen, who brought to life the Sultan Saladin. Mr. Nossen was pictorially stunning and he acts as well as he looks, which is a high tribute. Alfred Ryder was the young Knight Templar who fell in love with the Christian girl Nathan saved and adopted when she was a baby.

There is not as much action as there could be in the fine old play. That is because, quite properly, I think, Bruckner in his translation regarded the ideals of tolerance and understanding among the followers of the Christian, Jewish and Moslem faiths as more important than drama or action. In his version they are expressed with moving dignity and sincerity. My favorite scene is the one before the Sultan, which is both dramatic and picturesque. As I have intimated, Mr. Nossen can fill and decorate a stage merely by sitting on it. But he does much more than that. He is Saladin!

Indeed, congratulations are due all the studio workers for the simplicity and general excellence characteristic of their original production. They actually gave the Shuberts, with their unlimited resources, some acting to think about very seriously. Shubert thinking should also be given to the costumes, which with the exception of the Sultan's and the Templar's, need a great deal of improving.

It is broad-minded of me to give such praise to a play which centers its eloquence on the attitude of the Jew and the Moslem, and leaves the Christian appeal in the care of young Alfred Ryder, who looks his part but acts like a childish, quick-tempered boy. Neither was the Christian patriarch the noble and understanding character he should be. Here, too, the trouble was with the acting. Mr. Shubert has probably done some careful thinking about that!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

REAP THE WILD WIND. It may be legitimate to complain that Cecil B. De Mille's pictures are not thoughtful, though that becomes less a complaint than a compliment when one considers what the films usually think about, but there is no arguing the fact that the veteran director is a genius of popular entertainment. His anniversary production is a complete yet canny exploitation of the prime virtue of motion pictures, which is the fact that they move, without neglecting the latest developments in sound and color. All the action is not significant, some of it is mere motion, but the picture has an unrefined vitality natural to the medium and owing nothing to the stage. The story deals with the activities of a band of wreckers off Key West who live by salvage and see to it that the living is good. A Charleston lawyer who probes into the criminal trade becomes involved in a stormy romance as well when a girl engaged in honest salvage uses her wiles on him to aid a captain accused of wrecking his own ship. The violent plot ends on the notes of retribution, romance and noble self-sacrifice. Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, Raymond Massey, John Wayne, Lynn Overman, Walter Hampden and Victor Killian are capable in broad characterizations. Most of the typical De Mille effects are arrestingly theatrical, and the picture is recommended as family fare. (*Paramount*)

BUTCH MINDS THE BABY. Damon Runyon's whimsical interest in the underworld is always productive of humor if not high ethical example, and this comedy about an ex-convict who is saved from a life of crime by his paternal instinct presents the sort of paradoxical situation which is relished by author and audience alike. In order to keep his parole, the criminal becomes a janitor in a rooming house just in time to frustrate the suicide of a desperate mother. Her child leads him along the path of reformation and he detours only to aid a policeman friend and secure evidence to send an income tax dodger to jail. The sacrifice of his own liberty is viewed with an optimistic eye on the future. Albert Rogell directed, and a good share of the eccentric comedy of the original comes through because of pointed characterization. Broderick Crawford and Virginia Bruce are chiefly effective in the cast. *Adults* who do not bother to try equating motives will find this light entertainment. (*Universal*)

YOKEL BOY. An unflattering portrait of the typical movie fan is unveiled in this musical comedy as a farmer with an indomitable liking for the films is transformed into an idea man for a picture in production. His brilliant suggestion that a notorious gangster be hired to play himself in a screen biography opens the studio gates to an invasion by the gunman and his screen-struck sister. That the gangster reforms is a triumph of justice but not of art, and the fact that the film within the film is a resounding success makes the score about even, since this comedy is resoundingly mediocre. Joseph Santley has managed to make some moments diverting enough in spite of the plot, and Joan Davis works energetically at her comedy chores. Albert Dekker, Eddie Foy, Jr., Alan Mowbray and Roscoe Karns are adequate in an adult amusement. (*Republic*)

WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER? Detective melodramas universally suffer from the delusion that they are being complex when they are merely confused, but this film adds the hazard of a character who leads a double life and yet succeeds in being moderately entertaining. The lost Hope is important as a necessary witness in a special prosecutor's pursuit of a crooked district attorney, and Joseph Allen, Jr., Mary Howard and Ricardo Cortez see murder done in adult style. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

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EDITOR: Shall we return to our muttons? I began with an article in which I asked how we could best protect growing children against the danger of intemperance in the use of strong drink. Some, I wrote, think it best to serve liquor in the home, and let children learn how to use it. From this view, I ventured to dissent. My observation, over a long period of years, had led me to conclude that the all-important factor is to teach the young self-restraint in all things. At the same time, it seemed to me that those parents were wise who did not let their children know the taste of strong drink.

At this point, Mr. Michael J. Ryan, of Boston, requested my opinion of Catholic publications which accept advertisements for what he styles "booze." Why he did not ask me what I thought about the Milky Way, I do not know; in any case, I fail to see what bearing my opinion on this matter can have on the training of children in the home. But if Mr. Ryan insists upon an answer, I will say that I have more than once expressed in print the view that distillers would be well advised in suppressing all advertising.

Mr. D. H. Carls, of Danbury, Conn., impresses me as a lineal descendant of the Mad Hatter. (That person, not a bad scout, after all, was admonished by Alice, it will be remembered, not to make personal remarks.) "Drink, if you must, John Wiltbye," he exclaims, "bathe in liquor, if you wish; use it as a hair tonic, if you like." That remark about hair tonic cuts me to the heart. Because of my sober youth, there is not a bald spot on my pate, and I am willing to wager that I have a better head of hair this minute than either Mr. Ryan or Mr. Carls.

Yet truth obliges me to make a confession that is indeed humiliating. I have long been aware that there is something queer about me, but I hope that my queerness hurts none but myself. *I am a teetotaler.*

But I am not, the Saints be praised, a Prohibitionist.
New York, N. Y. JOHN WILTBYE

SAINT PATRICK IN BALTIMORE

EDITOR: The perpetually youngish and the ever-popular historian and journalist, Thomas F. Meehan, says in his interesting article, *Oldest Shrines to Saint Patrick*, (AMERICA, March 14), that "the cornerstone of Saint Patrick's Church, Baltimore, was laid July 10, 1804, and dedicated, May 29, 1807."

Evidently Mr. Meehan is under the impression that the church to which he referred was the first Saint Patrick's Church in Baltimore. It was the "fourth" church, the immediate predecessor of the present church, which was dedicated in 1897.

Saint Patrick's parish, which has just celebrated its Sesquicentennial, was founded in 1792 by Father Antoine Garnier, S.S., who afterwards became Superior General of the Priests of the Society of Saint Sulpice. Father Garnier was a member of the original band of Sulpician priests who arrived in Baltimore in 1791, at the request of the newly-consecrated Bishop Carroll, to establish a seminary for the priesthood.

With the priests came several seminarians, one of whom, John Floyd, was ordained by Bishop Carroll and appointed second pastor of Saint Patrick's. Father Floyd and Father Cuddy, the fourth pastor of Saint Patrick's, died victims of yellow fever. Father Garnier was both the first and third pastor of Saint Patrick's.

The first Saint Patrick's "Church," was a room in a private residence. There Bishop Carroll said Mass in

1792. The second Saint Patrick's Church was made up of two rooms in the home of Edward Hamilton. The third Saint Patrick's, built as a church but not a thing of beauty, was dedicated by Bishop Carroll in 1797. Bishop Carroll also dedicated the fourth church, which was built by Father John Francis Moranville, a famous Sulpician.

Every Archbishop of Baltimore has pontificated or preached at Saint Patrick's on Saint Patrick's Day. The first appointment of Cardinal Gibbons, immediately after his ordination in 1861, was as assistant pastor of Saint Patrick's. The Rev. Nicholas W. Dohony, present junior assistant at Saint Patrick's, has written an interesting history of the parish.

Baltimore, Md.

VINCENT DE PAUL FITZPATRICK

A SAINT FOR DOCTORS

EDITOR: This would be just the year for our American Catholic doctors to choose for heavenly patron of their Medical Guilds (unless they have already committed themselves) a man of their own profession and their own land. I refer, of course, to Saint René Goupil, surgeon-Saint who at thirty-four, died for the Faith at Ossernenon, now Auriesville, N. Y., midway between Amsterdam and Fonda. This year we are celebrating the tercentenary of the doctor's heroic death at the hands of the Mohawks on September 26, 1642. His bones, by the way, still lie buried somewhere in the Ravine at the Auriesville Shrine, placed there by the loving hands of his father in Christ and companion, Saint Isaac Jogues.

We know about Saint René's medical skill from the autograph account of Saint Isaac. We have the record, too, of his two years of hospital work at St. Joseph's, Quebec, and of his being replaced by a famous Orleans, France, doctor, when he volunteered to go down to his death with Jogues in 1642. Surely he belongs, as their very own, to American doctors.

The site of Doctor Goupil's martyrdom is now a National Shrine, a place of prayer and pilgrimage in honor of the North American Martyrs canonized June 29, 1930. Of these eight men, America's only canonized Saints, three, Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, John LaLande, died at Auriesville. Here, too, was born Kateri Tekakwitha, Indian maiden, who will probably this year be declared Venerable.

Auriesville, N. Y.

THOMAS J. COFFEY, S.J.

Director, Shrine of the North American Martyrs

PIUS OR PEGLER?

EDITOR: However, the present labor-management tangle is untied, we might as well admit that the root of the trouble is obvious: management is fighting desperately against labor's drive to keep and perhaps even increase its role in controlling the conditions of employment.

Mr. C. E. Wilson, President of General Motors, let the cat out of the bag. He openly declared:

If they (i.e., the union officials) will just get out of the way with their propaganda the wrong way and let us do the job, we'll treat the men fairly and get production up (New York Times, March 21, 1942, p. 8).

All this means is a preference for a patriarchal or feudal system of production. It is paternalism, treating the workers at best as children and at worst as wage-slaves, commodities. This is what any man resents, in peace or in war.

Mr. Witherow, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, also let the cat out of the bag many weeks ago in a radio address from Pittsburgh. I quote

from memory: he cried "wolf" at what he termed "revolutionary attempts to give labor a share in management."

To American management, unfortunately, every such attempt is "revolutionary." But it is in line with the revolution, or evolution, or simple article Christians think of as *justice*, which Father Parsons pointed out as our salvation in *Which Way, Democracy?* How revolutionary the participation of labor in management is may be seen from *Quadragesimo Anno*:

Nevertheless (i.e., although the wage-contract is not essentially unjust) we deem it advisable that the wage-contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership. . . . In this way wage-earners and other employees *participate in the ownership of the management*, or in some way share in the profits.

A great part of the Encyclical is devoted to a condemnation of the proposition that all the profits, beyond a minimum wage, should go to management or capital. *So long as there are huge profits*, by what right is labor excluded from attempting through unionism to get its fair share?

No one denies the abuses of which labor unions are guilty. But when we spend *all* our tears commiserating management, we have given up Leo and Pius for Pegler. I wonder how many Catholics who read Pegler have read Pius?

It is no use saying the Encyclicals do not describe American conditions. Was not Pius XI an intimate, in these matters, of the late Nicholas Brady? And have not the Archbishops and Bishops in *The Church and Social Order* (1940) taken the Encyclicals to describe American situations?

New York, N. Y.

R. C. HARTNETT

MORE GEMS

EDITOR: What a fine suggestion from William J. Magee in the March 28 issue about having more historical tid-bits from Dr. Thomas F. Meehan. Yes, please, give us more of these tid-bits, choice morsels indeed—or lifting above the analogy to food, let us call them gems of the first water.

New York, N. Y.

PETER BREEN

IN GOD WE TRUST

EDITOR: Time and again we have been warned that we shall never reap true peace until we order our national, as well as our individual, lives according to the desires of our Heavenly Father. Gratifying in the extreme, then, is the very practical plan of Edward Murray for daily united national prayer in our present crisis (AMERICA, March 14th). Another glowing note was struck when Francis E. Dorn introduced a bill in the Assembly of the State of New York to set aside August 15, the glorious feast of Our Lady's Assumption, as a day of prayer for peace.

However, it may be that the "best wine has been saved until now," for Martin J. Kennedy of New York has proposed to the House of Representatives in Washington that both Houses of Congress should daily hold a five-minute joint session at noon in the rotunda of the Capitol for prayer for the men in the service and for the cause of the nation. Mr. Kennedy would have these prayers broadcast throughout the nation as a part of our national life.

With one-third of the armed forces numbering men who cherish the Catholic faith and with so many of their fellows striving to serve God faithfully and prayerfully, we have every solid reason to urge daily prayer for the nation at large. Our national strength can express itself by united prayer for those who are willing to sacrifice their lives "that that nation might live." Our boys have a right to our prayerful support.

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EVENTS

(BILL, a taxi driver, sitting in his car, reading a newspaper. Louie, back from a trip, parking his taxi, walking over to Bill's cab). . . .

Bill: You have a good fare?

Louie: \$1.10. Not bad.

Bill: I'm gettin' a fare now. Miss Hepper's goin' to broadcast on her Marriage Clinic of the Air tonight.

Louie: That dame's been married, ain't she?

Bill: Yeah, three times. And divorced each time.

Louie: An' she tells guys and dames how to solve their marriage problems?

Bill: Yeah.

Louie: Things is cockeyed, Bill.

Bill: Lissen to this. (Bill reads from newspaper): "The United States Census Bureau reports that the 1940 divorce rate is the highest in history. There was more than one divorce for every six marriages performed. This represents a 250% increase over 1901." Here she comes. (Miss Hepper appears in apartment-house entrance, walks over to cab. Louie gets out). . . .

Miss Hepper: Louie, tune in on my Marriage Clinic of the Air. I will analyze a new problem tonight.

Louie: I will, ma'am, if I don't get no fare. Some fares don't like the radio goin'.

Miss Hepper: (after Bill's cab starts moving toward the studio) Bill, do you think that when a woman with a very high IQ marries a man with a rather indifferent IQ, both can be happy?

Bill: You mean by IQ what they got upstairs?

Miss Hepper: Yes, that's right.

Bill: If the guy loves the dame and she loves him, an' they both play accordin' to Hoyle, I say, yeah. The trouble don't come from the IQ. It comes because the guy or the dame or both wanta change the rules of the game after the game starts.

Miss Hepper: (turning on cab light, writing on a pad) That's arresting. I may use it in a later broadcast. (Bill, after depositing Miss Hepper at the studio, drives back, humming: "This Cockeyed World." Arriving at his regular corner, he parks, walks over to Louie's car.)

Louie: She's through her talk. The questions'll start in a minute.

Bill: What does she say?

Louie: She says because a woman's got brains ain't no reason why the woman can't get married. She says a woman with brains is happier if married to a dumb guy, an' a bright guy oughta marry a dumb Dora. Here comes the questions. Lissen.

Voice: Miss Hepper, my wife keeps snakes as house pets. I try to persuade her to get goldfish, or cats and dogs, or even rabbits instead, but she won't. She says the snakes are quieter and cleaner.

Miss Hepper: Have you any children?

Voice: No, only snakes.

Miss Hepper: There are two solutions for your problem. One is divorce, the other, adjustment to these reptile pets.

Voice: Thank you.

Bill: Turn it off, Louie. It's all hooey. The more marriage clinics we get, the more divorces we have.

Louie: There don't seem to be no cure.

Bill: There is a cure, Louie. And only one. An' that is—don't allow divorce for no reason whatever. If there ain't no divorce, the guy'd find some way of gettin' rid of these snakes. Suppose husbands are allowed to bump off their wives for three or four reasons, or vice versa. Soon they'd be bumpin' each other off for any old reason.

Louie: There's been times when my wife'd like to bump me off.

Bill: An' I bet there's been times when you'd like to ditto.

Louie: There has been times, Bill.

THE PARADER